

MACLEAN'S

ALEXANDRE TRUDEAU
ON LIBERIA'S PAIN—AND FRAGILE PEACE

Canadian Idol:
AND THE WINNER IS...

**Ben
MULRONEY!**



\$4.95





FAME THE CANADIAN WAY

Celebrity is a means, not an end. Think about some children of famous people.

AS A TEENAGER in Montreal, I had a gang of friends that included the son of a famous former professional hockey player. The son was good, guy-tough as nails, redneck, but quick-witted, funny and honestly loyal. He was also, in informal terms, a terrific hockey player—and the best far I found in a hockey-mad city. Everywhere he played, because of his familiar last name and skating style—so unmistakably like that of his old man—people paid special attention, and opponents took extra runs at him in the corners. He gave no quarter, asked for none, and answered about the same number of lines that he carried. He wasn't as good a player as his father—he had been—and he was too small to ever turn pro. But with his pluck and determination to forge his own path in life, he was a role model in a different way.

Watching that friend do his best in his blood lines marked my realization that, in Jonathan Gathwaite's story of Ben Mulroney in our cover story, fame—especially when inherited—is a double-edged sword. When you're the son of someone famous, it opens some doors, but does others people who carry a grudge against someone's parent are often all too willing to transfer due gratitude to the offspring. And in the confound, confusing teenage years, when kids want to blend in with peers more than anything else, a famous surname means you're singled out for unwanted attention. Consider the daughter of George W. Bush: their well-chosen diet exploits of underage drinking mirror the actions of millions of lesser-known kids whose surnames never make headlines.

North American society is obsessed with celebrity, to the point that people seem to respect fame more for the sake of fame than for the real cause of that celebrity. Actors are considered more interesting than the real-life people they sometimes portray; most people would rather meet, say, Julia Roberts, the star of *Erin Brockovich*, than the real Brockovichs.

But the biggest obsession of many people comes around the hope that they, too, will

become rich and famous, preferably overnight. Canadians, like Americans, are passionate about getting their dream noticed: the extraordinary popularity of *Canadian Idol*, which Mulroney hosts. The more Gathwaite observes, it's that even as contestants vie for celebrity, Mulroney is the same person attached to the show who understands its consequences first hand: he hosted the spotlight when his dad was elected prime minister in 1984. In his case, that helped make Ben, as I know from meeting him a couple of times, remarkably self-aware in a healthy, constructive way.

We weren't always obsessed with fame, and that fascination still isn't shared by everyone. There's an old saying in high society circles that the only way your name should appear in print is if you're a man, lady or gentleman and when you're born, when you get married, and in your obituary. These days, a few people still generally opt out of going to public figures, or their offspring. So it's a tribute to all concerned that the children of our best-known elected leaders have, in general, turned out so well. Whether or not you support the policies of Brian Mulroney or Pierre Trudeau—whose kids spent much of their formative years in the backseat of 24 Suisse Drive—we should recognize that the Mulroneys are a model family, and that the Trudeau parents, despite their marriage troubles, devoted themselves to their children, and received appropriate devotion in return. One of the greatest achievements in both cases is that their kids understood, between the noisy allure of fame and the undemanding power of loving family, which endures longest, and means most.

Anthony Wilson Smith

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MACLEAN'S

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WHEN AROUND- THE-CLOCK



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MACLEAN'S BEHIND THE SCENES



IMBEDDED CARTOONISTS

Trying to organize a group of political cartoonists may be a little like herding cats, but Terry Mosher is up to the challenge.

Mosher (L.A., Allen), Maclean's cartoon editor, did some herding recently when several of the magazine's cartoonists from across the country gathered in Quebec City. The occasion was a Canadian political cartoonists' convention and the group celebrated by congregating in Mosher's hotel bed. (Shown left to right: Terry Mosher, Serge Chapleau, Pascal Elie, Susan Desvar, Tom Delgion, Graham Mackay and Michael De Adder, Mosher's wife, Mary Hugheson, was the photographer.)

Overseeing the activities of a team is a new and stimulating challenge for Mosher, who is also the editorial page cartoonist for the Montreal Gazette. "Usually, I come up with a subject and they then develop ideas based on it," he says. "It's a different role for me and a great learning process."

Sometimes, he says, the process means moving the artists away from simply drawing illustrations that support stories to actual cartooning. "For that, they need their own ideas. The process can be very liberating because they're coming up with their own stuff."

Mosher says the team concept originated with Editor Anthony Wilson-Smith and Art Director Donna Braggins, who wanted to revive Maclean's history of political cartooning excellence.

"Maclean's has showcased many of Canada's greatest cartoonists throughout its 35-year history, with Terry himself ranking high on the list," notes Wilson-Smith. "Now he's overseeing the continuation of that tradition by bringing some of the country's smartest, sharpest brushes into Maclean's each week with their pungent commentary on news events of the moment."

As to everyone hopping into bed together, Mosher looks at it as a team-building exercise. "Cartoonists are free spirits, after all," he says, wryly. "And at least my wife was there to keep an eye on things. What's more, unlike the bad old days, we were all sleeping San Pellegrino."

Visit Maclean.ca for articles by Terry Mosher, including "A Felt Pen Always at the Ready" (Oct. 14, 2002) and "Corrudes in Satire" (June 24, 2002).

For further information about this article, contact behindthescenes@maclean.ca.

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'Christianity is not judging. Loving your fellow man or woman and treating them as you would want to be treated—isn't that the Golden Rule?' —SHANE JONES, Ontario

Letter to the Editor: letters@maclean.ca

Judgment days

After reading your article on the opposition to gay marriage ("Backlash," Special Report, Sept. 1), I can't help but wonder how we truly progressed as a nation and as a society? How can we call ourselves modern when some of our attitudes seem utterly medieval? And how can anyone call themselves Christian when all they preach is hate, ignorance and intolerance? But then I'm just some 18-year-old high school graduate. I've probably been brainwashed by those evil liberal-minded teachers.

Scott Desrosiers, Halifax

As far as the issue of God and His hate for homosexuality, why don't you ask Him how He feels about all this? When the B.C. government decided to allow same-sex marriage, it was about the same time the first started. Kind of reminds you of Sodom and Gomorrah, doesn't it? God's hate for homosexuality will come in the form of creation just forest fires. Try massive earthquakes and storms all the Pacific Ocean like we have seen since in B.C. And that's just God warning up.

David Gips, Surrey B.C.

Hallelujah! Sound the trumpets! I thought it was just us Yanks who had rights when Muslims running loose shouting that the sky is falling. While I've been told that Alberta was the Wilbur of Canada, who knew that the tunnel-vision folks were also running loose in Ontario?

Michael St. Clair, Seattle

Grow up, Canadians. If homosexual couples want to commit themselves to a loving relationship built on trust and respect, who are we to stop them? Rather than this long that changing the definition of marriage to include same-sex relationships is eroding the "second fabric" of our country, we should realize that homosexuals are embracing traditional values. The same values that certain heterosexual couples seem to disregard, based on our high divorce rate.

Glenn Murphy, Ontario



Alberta couple Robert Lawrence and Ronald Segelman have lived together for 23 years.

The chosen self-designation for the exclusive male-female relationship is being attacked by the courts and by Parliament to serve the interests of a few who want more recognition than they deserve. Do we who have long understood the meaning of our own words need to be educated as to their usage? Do we now need to coin new words to express old relationships because the minority has stolen old words to refer to new ones?

Rev. Andrew R. McMillan, Erie-Mills United Church, Mississauga, Ont.

In my 56 years of life in my country, I have been witness of many of the changes in our way of life. I have tried to accept forced bilin-

gualism, multiculturalism, multiculturalism, abortion, etc. But some acceptance takes the cake. I cannot accept this. Every man that is in my body is opposed to what I will fight, I will lobby, I will do whatever I can to prevent this from happening. To degrade the sanctity of marriage to this level is reprehensible. It is bad enough that homosexuals were given the right to adopt children and raise them in their degrading way of life.

Christine Bryant, Bragg Creek, Alta.

In "Backlash," the gentleman Rutherford refers to a discussion he had with a group of teenagers at his church who said they thought "homosexuality was OK." I can understand his apprehension and fear. Where is this great country of ours headed when our young citizens express their understanding and acceptance of people's differences? Oh, what will become of Canada if we raise a generation of open-minded, loving and understanding people?

Alicia McMillan, Kelowna B.C.

When I was a child, homosexuality was considered a criminal offence. The term homosexual was also automatically coupled with pedophile. We have come a long way in 50 years. On Aug. 9 my daughter married her partner of 11 years. The fact that they are both female did not make the day less exciting a ceremony than a heterosexual marriage. So, I was left with a bad taste in my mouth while reading "Backlash." What are people so afraid of? Are the churches so openly demonstrating why they have become irrelevant in the lives of so many Canadians? I applaud this decision and hope Parliament will have the moral fortitude to uphold it.

Barbara Grosznowski, Scarborough, B.C.

The best arguments for same-sex marriage are conservative in nature. Recognizing same-sex relationships is a conservative way would promote stability in homosexual relationships, encourage or reduce promiscuity, and provide a more stable home for any children raised in the household. The goals of marriage are served, no wonder.

Prof. Kenneth Douglas Sinclair, Faculty of Law, UBC, Vancouver

As the daughter of a minister, one of the things that drove me from the church and keeps me away is the single-mindedness



with which religious people feel their views are the only ones that can exist. In "Black Irish," someone commented that "homo sexual activists have tainted the public arena into their bedroom." But shouldn't we have equal rights to oppose their lifestyle? The answer is, "The only reason this is public is they don't have the right to marry and, no, you don't have any more right to oppose their lifestyle than they do yours." For some reason these people feel that same-sex marriage challenges their morality. It is not about them and never has been. They can go on and live their lives any way they choose, but they should not be allowed to dictate how the rest of the world lives.

Malinda Wilson, Richmond, B.C.

As a life-long bachelor, I can't understand why anyone would want to marry in the first place but, as a citizen of a democracy, I will defend the right of consenting adults to marry regardless of my opinion or some dogmatic opposing churchmen's.

Gerald Snider, Thunder Bay, Ont.

The cross action of people interviewed in "Backlash" did not necessarily represent the voice of the Christian church. As Christians we love everyone (we try to) and we strive to accept the person, but we challenge the sin. If there is any issue of hypocrisy or hatred in the roles of the person speaking, you can be sure that Jesus is not one that he/she is submitted to. The gay marriage issue is nothing as a religious person in Canada as Christians for the first time we see their values, beliefs, freedoms and rights as Christians disintegrating before their very eyes. Many voices will be heard over the next few months. Some voices will be filled with hatred, but the voice of the Christian church will be: love the person but do not accept the sin. Please do not get the voices confused.

Jonathan Ryck, Toronto

As a Canadian who is 18, I find it reprehensible that people can believe opening the door to gay marriage will also allow legalised pedophilia or the Bible being deconstructed "into literature." The majority of people respect and support religious and same marriage. To say that's a result of school indoctrination and corruption of our values is an absurd reaction. The truth is, younger generations are more accepting of change and



In defence of Iceland's limited whale cull

opening up of society. Change will occur, if not now, then eventually, and bring all people equally into society.

Rolf Ptaszkowski, Edmonton

The value of values

In his column "Challenged by Change" (The Editor's Letter, Sept. 1), Anthony Wilson-Smith draws an analogy between his recent purchase of a new vehicle and the current debate regarding same-sex marriage. Though it was difficult to part with a vehicle that had many treasured memories associated with it, he reasoned that the time had come to trade up to a newer model. Wilson-Smith then suggested that it was time that those opposed to same-sex marriage do the same thing and move on. Surely our vehicles are not of the same importance to us as our values and beliefs. Wilson-Smith felt it time to trade in his vehicle though it was only six years old, our values should not be as easily traded away.

Rev. Barry Van Dusen, Ingleton, Ont.

I am so grateful that Paul Wells has blessed this already fabulous magazine with his presence. Tonight, after a very long day with my two babies, he reminded both my sense of humour and my sense of justice with his observation that "it takes forever to get any consensus [regarding equal rights for gays], because your MP or senator believes

you're just a wee bit silly, then too bad for you!" (Dumfriesher Post, The Back Page, Aug. 25) Precious!

Jennifer Stern, Fort Abner, B.C.

A kinder, gentler whaler

I would like to point out that Iceland has no intention to catch any of the endangered species of whales killed on a grand scale by the big whaling nations in the past ("Whaling," The Week, Sept. 1). Icelandic authorities fully appreciate the need for careful conservation of marine resources, the economy depends on those resources for more than two thirds of its exports. Indeed, he has been a leading advocate for international co-operation in ensuring sustainable use of natural resources, including whales. It has also made it clear that commercial whaling will not be authorized without a sound scientific basis and an effective management and enforcement scheme.

Hålmir V. Hinnason,

Ambassador of Iceland to Canada, Ottawa

Just the facts

Peter Marshall is right ("Tuning Out the Dead," Sept. 1) people are tuning out the news because journalists have forgotten what news is. The emotions of people in pain, whether the result of war or tragedy at home, is not news. Coverage of human pain does not inform. News is the facts; the reasons behind things. Ironically, Marshall's suggestion that we follow the flag-draped casket to explore the pain of the soldier's family and community is exactly the problem.

Jeremy Sklar, Altonary, Minn.

Just finished reading Peter Marshall's article about coffin arriving in the U.S. and wanted to say how much I appreciated it. Sadly, most Americans will never become of things like this because of the so-called news they're watching. Keep up the good work. Alan Chertok, Fairport, N.Y.

My read on the Iraqi situation is that most Americans are aware of the huge price in dollars and personnel and have agreed to pay a and partly bury their dead. Americans have recognized, and I believe correctly, that their country is under attack, vulnerable and as war with terrorists, and this war must be won regardless of the price and duration.

David Underwood, Cochrane, Alta.

national gallery, london





Why green is good.

Somebody once said that a principle isn't a principle until it costs you money.
So where does this leave those companies which have embraced a more responsible social and environmental attitude?
Does this make them a risky investment?
Or, on investment you can't risk ignoring?
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Profits. Principles. Or both?



THEWEEK



Disaster | "Devastating news" as fires in the B.C. interior still rage

Almost 700 wind-blown wildfires continued to rampage across B.C., casting an ominous shadow over many communities. The most volatile, the Okanagan Mountain Provincial Park fire, stemmed back Thursday, forcing a second round of evacuations from Kelowna, and destroying many of the towering wooden treasuries of the Kootenai Valley that way south of the city.

"It's devastating news," said Ed Kruger, owner of Kelowna-based Marauder Adventure Tours, after learning that the battle to save the treasuries had failed. "It's always loss to the community." The railway closed in 1980, but volunteers had converted much of the latter 19th-century red bed into a very chic and lively route; a spectacular fire in the Three Castles Trail. The 18 castles in the Myra Canyon, most built of concrete-soaked wood, were a haven for stargazing, drawing visitors from around the world. Kruger, who spent 10 years and \$500,000 building

Flames light up the sky behind a fence north of Kelowna, where a second round of evacuations was underway.

a business that depends heavily on rail-line tours, estimates it could cost more than \$30 million to replace the structures. "It doesn't look like anything is left."

Premier Gordon Campbell was the first to fight the fire, pushing \$140 million. It will cost hundreds of millions more to replace some 140 homes destroyed in Kelowna, and dozens more in the Okanagan. The Mt. Assiniboine fire, which gained the village of Logan Creek, wasn't yet under control, more than a month after it was started by a discarded cigarette.

Brought in Greater Vancouver, meanwhile, two-sized winter rainwater, and left timber-dry Stanley Park at high risk of fire. Police cracked down on student beach parties and heavily fined North Shore, where fire could wipe out some of the highest-priced real estate in the country. The summer season in decades has left residents grumbling—about the lack of rain.

ScoreCard

A Fresh Outlook: Some Montreal mob kings want to get time to reveal family secrets at the Calgary hotel. Some-to-be published cookbooks heavy on pasta, and, um, ground meats, made to "teach us over far language" could make a guy very nervous.

T' United Nations: Secretary-General Kofi Annan's Republicans now seem to be key to rebuilding Iraq. U.S. disclosure of the latest bombing up a country is the only part. He was worried for U.S. forces because as well strategy—and a school for training years of bloody violence.

T' Vancouver: Prices for men as endless drought breaks. First short shorts. From wildfires of a C interest, city calls crowd notes that city condensation is a killer village, of some country survival. Rural blues, anyone?

A Phoenix Area: Paddy power turns down on the cheap after Canada has a night with light on. From all over the world, thousands of people are in the city. It's a great time to be a tourist—and, yes, coming out is a lot.

A Class of 2007: started fire dogs. To meet of the university entrance marks, they are to be sent with dubious changes into areas and plunged into debt. Student work in lecture hall may be your partner. Congrats kids, go make it!

Quote of the week: "I am tired of being poor. I want to be a queen." **HOMER GAMA, 17**, one of 50,000 young women who descend bare-breasted before Senegal's King Mawad in hopes of becoming his 12th wife.

WORLD

Researchers in Singapore said they had developed a test kit that can detect the SARS virus within 15 minutes. Similar to a home pregnancy test, it will be available to hospitals in about two months.

FOREIGN JUSTICE A panel of five judges in London acquitted radical Muslim cleric Abu Bakur Bashir of treason. He is suspected of leading *Jamaat Islamiyah*, an al-Qaeda-linked terror group widely blamed for the 2002 Bali bombings that killed 202. The judges, how-

A week after Iranian authorities charged two intelligence officers with the "quasi-intentional murder" of Canadian photojournalist Zahra Kazemi, the charges were dropped. An Iranian prosecutor then demanded the original judge re-investigate the case. Foreign Affairs Minister Bill Graham welcomed the development, saying he's hopeful the real culprits behind Kazemi's beating death in Tehran may now be found.

MOORE EAST The power struggle between Palestinian Prime Minister Yehioud Abbas and Yasser Arafat intensified as Abbas told the legislative council it must support him and give him full power to implement the U.S.-backed peace plan with Israel, or, he insisted, he would resign.

NORTH KOREA The U.S. appeared to soften its position that North Korea must dismantle its nuclear arsenal before getting any concessions. A U.S. official told a briefing on a six-nation meeting in China that the new willingness to provide Pyongyang with economic assistance is intended to convince North Korea that moving away from nuclear weapons is in its best interests.

BLACKOUT At a congressional hearing in Washington, energy companies argued that the August power failure that left 36 million Americans and Canadians in the dark could have been averted if an Ohio company had reported failures more quickly. A joint U.S.-Canada task force is also investigating the cause of the outage.

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ROGERS

THE WEEK



ON THE STUMP Justice Richard Robb will go to the polls on Sept. 29 with Tony Prosser (left). Robb, 54, looking for a third consecutive majority Liberal.

CANADA

MAO COW The U.S. issued its first import permits for Canadian beef since during the border in May because of a confirmed case of mad cow disease in Alberta. The two countries finally agreed last week on how Canadian dairy producers could keep meat intended for export segregated during the production process. So far, the U.S. is accepting only boneless cuts, from suppliers.

only low-risk livestock aged 30 months or younger. Live cattle exports are still banned—a problem for farmers who must decide when to do with their livestock as fall seasons get underway.

WEST NILE Saskatchewan has become the Canadian hot spot for the West Nile virus, with 97 confirmed and probable cases and a further 33 under investigation. Alberta

has 41 cases while Ontario, which had 308 cases last year, has just 11 confirmed or probable ones. Canadian Blood Services ordered a recall of all blood collected in Saskatchewan in August and will test every donation individually.

SECURITY Three of 19 foreign students arrested on Aug. 14 as threats to national security were released after an immigration board adjudicator determined there were no reasonable grounds to keep them in custody. Meanwhile, two more individuals were arrested. Authorities claim the men—all either Pakistani or Indian—are members of an al-Qaeda sleeper cell.

POLITICS Quebec was buzzing over a different type of reality show: a documentary showing Bernard Landry carving, shooting and punching a table as he vehemently tried to reason in office as Quebec's premier. Landry let a crew follow him for three months last spring, including the election campaign when he was Jean Charest's Liberal. "How could he agree to be filmed during a period of such dreadful stress?" asked one former Parti Québécois minister.

NATO Diplomatic and political sources say Finance Minister John Manley is interested in NATO's top job. Although the secretary general's post usually goes to a European, the alliance is dedicated to one who should replace the British incumbent in December. Manley has been floated as a compromise.

ON GUN It was on a new radio station, but the name old Radio 92.1 returned to the B.C. airwaves. Hostling guest Premier Gordon Campbell, who said, "Radio was in his game, as usual." Manley's employer of 19 years fired him in June after allegations that he harassed a female producer.

BUSINESS A NAFTA panel ruled the U.S. had not proven that Canadian softwood exporters threatened to injure U.S. lumber firms. The ruling could eventually force the U.S. to abandon the 19% per cent punitive duties it has been levying since 1982 and refund the money collected so far.

Noting that the economy had taken a series of hits, including the August blackout, the Bank of Canada lowered its key lending rate by a quarter of a point, to 2.75 per cent.



FROM LEFT: COURTESY OF THE CANADIAN PRESS; JAMES HAMILTON/REUTERS

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES HAMILTON/REUTERS

Mansbridge on the Record



THE END OF HOCKEY?

Yes, there could be a winter without NHL hockey in 2004. But don't bet on it.

IT'S NEVER FORGET the way any colleagues looked. There was a glass over their eyes, a warden's look on their faces, as I walked out of the studio on many nights during the late 1980s. It wasn't personal. I'm sure it was happening in newsrooms across the country when they, too, were despatched covering the ups and downs of the biggest domestic story of those days—the free-trade negotiations. It was a difficult topic for most news organizations, especially conservative, which rarely does well trying to explain complicated economic issues. The medium needs pictures, but facts and figures, not transactional intellectual property, subsidy programs and dispute-resolution mechanisms, can be, to say the least, hard to visualize.

A few times I went to cover the story myself, and standing outside some of those gray Whitecourt buildings that housed the negotiations, waiting to screen the negotiations, I quickly realized that my print colleagues were from another time dimension. The story, while undoubtedly important, was hard to tell, and many readers simply found all the detail too confusing. They closed eyes and wonder: Even in our newsrooms sports violence? If our own editors were turning out, nor could they imagine what our audiences were doing. In fact, the days that often received the loudest newsroom shouts occurred when it looked like the talks were about to enter that was an easy story to tell, with no problems finding words or pictures whenever there was a threat to shut the whole process down.

I've been remembering that era lately while skimming the sports pages, as the country prepares for a new season of the great Canadian pastime, hockey. If you believe what you find on these pages (and there is a certain amount to go to the reporting), then you should expect the training camps now starting in National Hockey League cities across the continent to be the last of their kind for a while. It seems most sports ob-

servers have decided there will be no hockey next year, that owners and players are just too far apart to agree on a new overall contract. So most stories quickly cut to the "no soccer" scenario, just as we did whenever we could in the free-trade days. Now I realize hockey isn't free trade, but you can bet that if, a year from now, we're embarking on a Canadian winter with an NHL hockey, this story will be huge—Mansbridge covers, newspaper special sections, *Real Murphy* memo. Free-trade reporters would fly in to observe a strange nation that had gone into shock over the fact that once with no foot touch had slipped through a rubber tie around an ice surface surrounded by beer advertisements.

So what is the issue that has owners of 30 teams prepared to face off against 660 players in an industry that generates roughly \$2 billion a year? In a nutshell (code for "I don't want to bore you with the details, as I don't even understand them myself") to the owners, it's "cost containment," meaning that they say they need to know what the game is going to cost them to properly plan, that they know what risks, profits and onetime add-ups to, but they need a reasonable sense of player's salaries, too. To the players, that spells "salary cap," and the loss of their ability to negotiate. Both sides are talking tough, while both live in the gloomy predictions about next year.

They may be right, but next year is a long way off. Negotiations, as we saw in free trade, produce lots of threats, slammed doors, and bold predictions—but when crunch time arrives, it's amazing how two sides can find solutions. So in the push-and-pull for this "first season," consider what's at stake—not only for the future of the game, but also for all those sportspeople who seem so certain that the end of hockey is almost upon them.

Peter Mansbridge is Chief Correspondent of CBC Television News and Anchor of the weekend 7 p.m. comment, internationalsports.ca.

Passages

SINCE Former CFL commissioner Michael Lynko (below), 42, launched a \$3.2-million lawsuit against 25 officials in the league, seeking damages for wrongful dismissal and breach of contract, among other things, Lynko—fired in March 2002 after 15 months on the job—also claims that as a result of the defendants' actions, he is now unemployed.



SINCE Jessica Lynch, 20, the American POW who was released April 1 from a hospital in An Nuaybiyah, has signed a US\$1-million book deal after receiving a medical discharge from the army. The book—to be published in November—will be written with Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist Rick Bragg.

DECEASED In 1953, Guy Deburban co-founded the Montreal architectural firm that was instrumental in designing major buildings across Canada in the 1960s, including Ottawa's National Arts Centre and Montreal's Place des Arts. Deburban, 78, died at home in Sherbrooke, Que.

CLEARED Calgary evangelical church missionary Bruce Bullock has been found innocent of espionage by a Lebanese military tribunal. Bullock, 52, was arrested on charges of spying on Lebanese guerrillas and the Lebanese Army. The tribunal cleared him of those charges but found him guilty of stirring religious strife with his organization, Cedars of Lebanon, and his deportation here.

DIED Born in Pennsylvania to Lutheran missionaries, Charles Brannan worked as a coal miner before entering Bill Kauffman for his craggy looks and his role in the *Deadly Wish* series, the actor appeared in over 90 movies during his 48-year career. Brannan, 81, died of pneumonia in an L.A. hospital.

REJECTED **Paul Hill**, the Florida minister who killed an abortion doctor and the bodyguard in 1994, was given a lethal injection. Hill, 49, is the first person in the U.S. to be executed for anti-abortion violence.



As Peter O'Brien, Michael Lynko and Mark McGarry sit the table, checking contract text

wouldn't elect for Ottawa. The country's most popular and wealthy provinces made to compare everything from health care and public education to municipal infrastructure and the environment—all were ready and willing for some big dollars even before the Ontario budget got rolled by SARS. Random Ontario is guaranteeing first help, too, though that isn't likely to come from Evan. Former St. John's premier Mike Harris won't open his campaign with such the same approach. Also, like Harris, even applied to the party's night wing, personally watching on the sidelines, the death penalty and a plan to sector screen immigrants. Details of the immigration policy were outlined in the party's platform under the heading "Skilled immigrants in, criminals out."

McGarry, leading in the early polls, is campaigning on the agent of change. But if the already many tone of the proceedings goes more personal, he'll likely spend more time finding off attacks. Though never polished, he's a vocal spokesman on a political light-weight—a problem that dangled him in the last election. But while the Tories are trying to play up that change in a way of endorsing the "Crest" lead, McGarry says this time he's ready. "I have never felt more confident, more experienced, more determined, more ready to go in with this," he declared. Let the campaigning begin. **JAMES JACKSON**

Ontario The campaign begins—and the gloves come off

In the opening week of the Ontario provincial election campaign, the single most important tactic for candidates was to duck. The candidates and its started even before the party leaders boarded their buses, and it got under with each speech. Premier Ernie Eves accused his chief rival, Liberal Dalton McGarry, of being a free-spender who would drive the province into economic by making cuts. "You simply put, if you can't make a mistake, Dalton will take your money," Eves charged in one campaign stop, adding: "The guys annoyed what we lower your taxes because he describes it as taking away the government's tax money."

McGarry, too, says he doesn't want to follow Eves's lead down the free

road. But then he charged that the greater and the party were "unworthy" of governing Ontario, accusing the "Benevolent Billionaire" the government's failings on anyone but themselves. "They pick groups, they scapegoat people, they find a convenient target, some kind of convenient political punching bag," McGarry said. The NDP took an even harsher position on the Conservative record leader Howard Hampton's campaign was gibberish dubbed the "Eves of Deceitment" tour. "It is in me to promote the decline," Hampton explained, "and the stronger and the freer the debate, the better for the people of Ontario."

Observed by the media, there are major issues at stake that make the Oct. 2 vote a

A DISPLAY WINDOW is a McGill University bookstore last week showed several copies of a barely new book, *September 11: Conspiracy for Canada*, by a University of Toronto law prof named Kent Roach. Just in time for the second anniversary of the unfolding. The book's red cover caught my eye, and I thought the things that would do what they think about Sept. 11. Ah, yes. Anti-terrorism laws. Sovereignty issues. Is Canada's defense spending adequate? War in Iraq: tough decision.

Then I spotted the photo in the middle of the display, which showed one of those heartrending sidewalk shrines that popped up all over Lower Manhattan after the World Trade Center fell. A narrow poster of a missing woman. Flowers and candles. And I remembered what actually happened that day. 19 angry young men, most of them Saudis, carried out a foul plan they had hatched three years earlier in Hamburg, and murdered so many thousands of Americans as they possibly could. Children and parents were incriminated in a hall of fire. Joe Dooms jumped from the towers rather than wait for the flames to burn or the smoke to poison them. Twenty-four Canadians died too. An other murder would demonstrate later in Bali and at the United Nations headquarters in Baghdad, some people aren't picky about whom they slaughter.

Every once in a while, you realize you've edited your memories, put them in little boxes, so you can get on with your life. Most people have built a little wall in their minds between their knowledge of Sept. 11 and their memory of it. You can debate defense spending or mean about report accuracy without really thinking. The searing memory stops in its place, off to the side. Mostly not always.

It is useful sometimes to examine one's memories now under the cold light of history. It helps avoid falling into cant and cliché. God knows we have had more than enough of both. "The most surprising thing about most of the published reflections on September 11 is how devoid of surprise they are." Louis Menand wrote a year ago in *The New Yorker*.

The day itself was full of surprise: it was quite literally incomprehensible to everyone who watched. There were no known addresses of television broadcasts from Sept. 11. After the hour of screaming Qatoneiro video.



9/11'S LEGACY: UNCERTAINTY

For a few horrible hours two years ago, nobody knew anything. That lack of clarity haunts us still—or should.

Watching now, it is obvious that nothing was obvious then. There's poet Charles Gibson on *Good Morning America*, watching as the manifest as the second plane crashes into the second tower, talking on the phone to a guy on the street who is looking up at the blue debris raining out the other side of the building. For long minutes, neither reaches the obvious conclusion—that's a second plane. That is an attack—because how could it be a second plane? How could it be an attack?

Yet the smoke had not stopped rising from the graveyard of thousands before

the Armies of the Certain began patently explaining to us what it all meant. To quote Menand again, this was an unfathomable and incomprehensible act. Yet for a lot of people, "the initial response was: It just proves what I've always said."

So we were told the murders were proof of America's enduring wickedness, "blowback" for too many adventures in Bosnia, Afghanistan, Iraq. Not that they had it coming, you know, but... you know. Oh, it's turned their sympathy for the victims into an expression of protest before the beauty of America. This was the blame Canada

owed who interpreted deaths in Manhattan as a sophisticated critique of Canada's immigration policy or its socialized medicine or something. Damned clever, these narrators. Subtle brush. They managed to slip into Florida's private training schools because Canada is soft on foreigners. Who'da thunkit.

Still another group, perhaps the most important because it includes the commander of the mightiest army in history, saw 9/11 as an assignment to undertake a solemn mission. If America really is the last, best hope of freedom, and if there is

a region where generations are rising who want nothing better than to make Americans die, then the survival of freedom requires that America do some housecleaning in that region, the Middle East. As he passed between Afghanistan and Iraq, George W. Bush described his position with regard to this mission quite privately. He didn't say "we propose" or "we insist." He said "we accept."

Or as I like to think of it, "WE ACCEPT."

What happened at the World Trade Center (Gibson) led Bush to reject any hint of doubt

Bush spent Sept. 11 as the very living symbol of confusion and uncertainty, huddled up in Air Force One as it (quite properly) spent half a day in the clouds, waiting for some clue about what on Earth was going on. It may be the memory of that endless humble-mindedness of surprise and ignorance that has made him reject any hint of doubt about anything, ever since.

He has become like Owen Meany, the tiny child in John Irving's novel, whose wheeled voice conveys utter certainty about God's design and simple contempt for doubters. I often hear Bush speaking in Owen's voice, which Irving conveyed in upper case letters: "EITHER YOU ARE WITH US OR YOU ARE WITH THE TERRORISTS," Bush said.

"WE'RE GONNA SMOKEM THEM OUT OF THEIR HOUSES."

"THE COUNTRY IS COMMITTED TO MAKING THE WORLD MORE PEACEFUL BY DEFEATING ISLAMIC HUSSLEBORN."

The surprise in Irving's novel is that his about little character really does, in the end, turn out to be God's instrument. One never knows, do one.

Two Septembers later, Bush has logged one indisputable victory: except for the anthrax attacks at the end of 2001, wherever they are about, terrorists have not killed one more American on American soil. Everything else is a Klondike of uncertainty. Afghanistan is no longer a coherent regime running interference for al-Qaeda murderers. This is excellent news. But it remains a very noisy neighborhood.

Iraqi liberation found enough resistance to ensure Saddam Hussein a place in history. But no new weapons of mass destruction. And so much daily grief for the Americans that their president has become a fun of the United Nations again, if he will take some of the load off.

Dalarna? No progress. Liberia? A dilemma. Ronald Soodrich described him as an evasion, Kim Jong Il denies nothing, brings about his rules, wants more, dreams to use them. In some circles, this kind of behaviour is known as calling a bluff.

Century about the world does not make the world more certain. The current road to moral clarity is a refusal to learn from complex events. For a few humble hours two Septembers ago, nobody could claim to know anything. That uncertainty, at least, haunts us still. Or should.

AND THE WINNER IS...

Ben MULRONEY

The ex-PM's son emerges as a star in his own right

Things Ben Mulroney has learned about life in a full-on, always-be-publiq, never-shes-gum-in-public, people-may-say-they-hate-you-because-of-your-dad-but, harricoot, family-name-or-the-GST, but-they-probably-had-no-intention-of-liking-you-in-the-first-place; if-every-one-is-watching-you-might-as-well-take-advantage-of-it.

THERE IS SOMETHING disconcertingly Vegas about the final minutes before the lights go up and *Canadian Idol* hits the air each Monday and Tuesday night. Maybe it's the audience flutter in sparkly pants barking out the dos and don'ts, or executive producer John Brannen's lip Taylor moustache, or the celebrity guests in the front row (ladies and gentlemen, put your hands together for Susan Orser). At the side of the stage, the 27-year-old hostess-of-a-former-prime-minister-juggles up and down as if someone up on the catwalk was pulling strings. Diet Coke in hand, he waits,

points and arches his eyebrows at the friends and the posse of CTV execs who fill the front benches. A high-pitched, teenage-girl shriek of "We love you Ben!" is rewarded with a wave and a smile so hearty that even persons in the balcony must be able to catch the glint. It's all so girly, so showbiz, so big time.

Which should make it easy to snicker at *Canadian Idol*. Almost everything about it is a soft target. The slavish replication of a formula—lousy talent show turned up with vote-at-home technology—that has already been a nuisance for south of the border, in the U.K. and in a dozen other places. A set that looks like it was rescued from the *Bronx* or the *Planet of the Apes* backlot. Judges culled from the rather remote parts of the country's celebrity depth chart. A boomer-courtship playlist that sees the coverage and ruminations of contestants before they were born.

But the cranks of critics, harsh professional

WHOEVER BECOMES CANADIAN IDOL, one thing is clear: the show is a ratings juggernaut





and Milla, with a little dash of Gwyneth (the side). There's a slightly apologetic look on his face as he plays out a trope that would make even the most hardened game-show seasoner blanch. ("Do I have to say, 'Gwyneth, feel the love tonight?'") He asks the writers in a quick plaintive voice during a pre-show meeting. "I couldn't deliver it a month or a half ago, and I don't think I can do it now.") But the choice factor is part of Milla's attraction, and Mulroney is comfortable in his role as the designated straight man and whipping boy. If this was *Maatruki*, his job would be to take the pie in the face without flinching. Nobody involved, least of all Mulroney, makes a secret of the fact that as an

Letting his guard down with Toys R Us, de Montigny, Gnar, Bink and Klappert

status hero somehow works much better with an amateur-warring MC.

"THE PERFECT HOST for *Idol* should be slightly more interesting than vanilla," Mulroney says over a pre-show meal at a downtown steak house. "Fashionable, but not like he's trying to impress anyone, funny but not necessarily a comedian, confident but not necessarily cocky. He should be like a good-humored ape when spoken toward someone his equal in the family. This show is fun and funnier about the singers, and

then about the judges, and maybe if he's lucky after that, and we have time, it should be about the host."

It's the same spiel he gave CTV executives last winter when they asked his opinion about their idea of launching a Canadian version of what has become a worldwide television franchise. They must have liked what they heard. Variety shows cost a lot less to put on the air than dramas, but American-style production values like Milla's don't come cheap. Naming a relatively unknown newscaster to host was a gamble—one that appears to have paid off big.

Three years ago, Mulroney was a house-dad in Quebec City's Université Laval, con-

templating a move back to Montreal on his last acting, perhaps in the same blue-chip firm where his father-in-law hangs out. Then, in May 2006, his former and daily changed. The moribund federal "zones" were in town for their national convention, and since the co-PM couldn't attend, his son was asked to drop by and wave the family flag. Somebody in the party offices got the bright idea of having pretty blond Catherine Clark, Jack's daughter, guest the even-prince Eric in the deer. The bored media hordes sat it up with a speech. Mulroney did live interviews on both English and French television. People at CTV sat up and took notice.

He was tapped as a correspondent for the *dearzone*, a *dearzone* daily gig first on the network's *Idol* TV channel. In July 2006, Mulroney was brought to Toronto to become one of the little-watched show's hosts. Eight months after that, he was standing next to John Oliver in the red carpet at the Academy Awards, covering celebration as the new, highly visible face of commentary on CTV. A year ago, he became co-host, along with Tina Andrews, of *Idol* Daily. Mulroney knows that his pedigree was a big part of why he got the job. "Of course the

"The perfect host for *Idol*," he says, "should be slightly more interesting than vanilla."

same gives us an edge. Anyone who can say that's wrong is an idiot. Everyone sees the edge they're given. If they don't want to use their edge then fine, I'll be there to get ahead of them." Keeping his gig as *Idol* and *dearzone* primary *Idol* collection in all about ratings, he argues. If people weren't taking in, he wouldn't be in your room any more.

And for the most part, the media woman that started at the Tory convention is still



in full swing. As the show's ratings have skyrocketed, so too has the hype about him, even to some unusual quarters. Last month, Mulroney's father woke him up early one Friday to share what was to be a shiny job offer: core proportions. "His guess from French in English without hesitation, a pure talent," gushed the *Journal de Montreal* (owned by Quebec, where the co-PM anchors the board "J-M's) and Brian have done a great job. They have created the perfect Canadian—bilingual, cultured, skilled, and a little bit of a troublemaker." Reading the copy to me over the phone from Montreal, the former game manager, an ultra-mouse follower of his own press,

has a standard chuckle. "That's the good old ritual stuff, you know."

At home in Westmont, postal routes and pups have been following their oldest son's exploits with so small measures of outside care. When Ben was on *Idol* TV, his father had the vet in the basement hooked up to a satellite dish (the only way they could get the show in Montreal), and the family would gather each night over TV-view dinners to watch. Now that he's available on the main channel, come to think, they can live in the comfort of the upstairs den. "I went out

THE SWEET SORROW OF BEING VOTED OUT

Don't sleep a tear for Audrey de Montigny: If the experience of other would-be Canadian *Idol*s is any indication, her career is about to get a huge lift. On *Idol*'s emotional exit from the hit TV show opened a remarkable run for the 18-year-old from St. John's, who's soaring vocals and natural glamour

earned comparisons to Whitney Houston. Few doubt she's destined for stardom—in part because her on-performers are already inspiring their own records.

"Take Jerry Seinfeld, a 20-year-old from Cape Cod, NY, who was eliminated just before *Idol*. She arrived here last week to a raft of offers from bars and event organizers hoping to book her band, Jerry and the Whiskey Kitchen. "The money is a lot better here than it was before," says Seinfeld. "He plays in St. John's and around the area, and we're trying to get some gigs in Toronto." The show also helped get Justin Guarini, an Alberta country singer who got as far as the top 10, headline status at a room at benefit for local producers in his home town of High River. "The recognition has been unbelievable," says the 23-year-old.

Such is the power of more than two million viewers, Michel Wilcox, 21, formerly an assistant manager at a Halifax deli, made the final 11 before going solo—after judge Jack Weller dismissed him as "unbelievably boring." He came home to hordes of autograph seekers, and is frequently hailed on the street. "Many fans have asked me to sign and I've had to tell them I don't even have a signature yet," he says. Of course, TV host Garry Shandling's stars even as it crumbles. And, Wilcox admits, fans are getting a narrow view of his abilities. "So many Canadians think they know us," he says, "but what they really know is parts of us."

Still, those moments before a massive audience are paid to any performer. So while the voted-out *Idol* departed confounding relief at the chance "to get a good night's sleep," she may be in for a surprise. With hype over Canadian Idol's growing, and an adoring crowd swooning her back home, she'll probably get less rest than she thinks.

CHARLIE GILLIS



De Montigny's career will get a huge lift

'WE ARE SUFFERING'

THE VIOLENCE WON'T END in this once-happy African country until the reluctant West takes meaningful action, writes
ALEXANDRE TRUDEAU



"THIS IS A JUNGLE COUNTRY," an old fighter in Monrovia named Cokela Do Bad told me. "Bodies disappear fast here." After 14 years of war, Liberians have experienced so many tragedies that they have become good at forgetting. Memories of the dead quickly fade away—the challenge the living face every day is how people to dwell on the past. A shopkeeper casually points to the spot where his wife and daughter were killed in death, then returns to sweeping his looted shop. A black-faced boy tells me he became a fighter when his family was slaughtered and he took up arms with the only people around to look after him: his family's killers.

For the first time in six years, I am back in Liberia's capital. I find beggars in a corn pound down by the ocean. I wander out onto the beach to look up the waistline of the Atlantic, overcome by the soothing sight of an old palm gently undulating in the wind. I tell myself, "This is a pleasant place." Then I remember coming to this place in 1997. At the time, an old growl-growl told me that, during the fighting this region in Monrovia in April 1996, people had begged him to end the streets of the bodies whose smell was grow-

ing unbearable. He had buried them where he could, at the beach where I now stand. "After that, the area was so bad that sometimes," I remember him commenting, "how could it even walk here?"

Monrovia was once one of the happier places in West Africa. The cinema, an ocean park and true knowledge were the envy of squall towns. Those days ended in the war that started in 1989 and divided the country's 16 ethnic groups, leaving almost 250,000 people dead. Though now nominally at peace and patrolled by West African peacekeepers, Monrovia is effectively split in two. The downtown area is in the hands of what's left of former president Charles Taylor's regime: the people who collaborated with him, and the boys and men who fought for him. Right across the bridge from the area controlled by the so-called government is Bushrod Island, which is held by the rebels, Liberians United for Reconciliation and Democracy.

LURD forced Taylor to flee to Nigeria just before a peace agreement was signed on

A rebel advancing on Monrovia (left);
Island cover near the capital (bottom left);
highly armed civilians scatter in the city

Aug. 18. There have been some former negotiations between both sides, but most people with either hard or soft allegiances stick to their part of the city and haven't crossed the bridge for over a month. Features on both sides, signs and buildings are pockmarked with countless bullet holes. The city is still largely without power; its inhabitants live without money or jobs and the risks are dangerous.

I try to remember the downtown I knew here in 1997. Many of the politicians and fighters I interviewed then have died or are dead. One of them, Jack the Rebel, was a born-again mass murderer: one of Taylor's top bad boys. In a strange way, he had been fired from the worst criminal places, and had a noisy voice and the bloodshot eyes of a crack addict. He was illiterate, incontinent and highly volatile. I would hit him twice and he would talk about the mysteries of Africa. Beneath his burden of horrendous sin, there was something wise, even likable about him. But now I learn that after I left, he was captured by LURD forces. They set him free in the bush—but not before cutting off his arms and legs. Jack hadn't coming life would have been the first to admit it. But I still feel a little saddened by this grim news.

Another young man I know—Dionne Jabbah, a great fighter, a great killer and a sworn enemy of Taylor—found his way to Ghana, where he became a preacher. He's not the first fighter to find God. The now famous male gambler, General Jack N'Nah, has also established a successful ministry in Ghana. They say here that, one way or another, either God gets you or the Devil does. Deep within the protected confines of the fortress that is the U.S. embassy, the am-



opened in passive as unusual and, some say, risky strategy. At the time, instead of converting the existing 68 Future Shop locations into Best Buys, the company's executives implemented a dual banner strategy designed to attract a bigger chunk of the \$15 billion that Canadians spend annually on TVs, stereo and so on. The result: two coexisting and expanding chains, owned by the same company but with separate merchandising and marketing operations. "Future Shop has a very strong brand loyalty with Canadians," says Layden, whose own peach orchard is an estimated 20 per cent of the country's electronics market. "Why play around with that?"

There's more to it than that, of course. The enormous cost of re-owning Future Shops to look like Best Buys was another reason for maintaining separate brands. There's also a benefit in not looking to consumers like a one-company behemoth monopolizing the industry. In fact it helps, Layden says, that the two stores are quite different. In contrast to Best Buy, Future Shop's employees work on commission, and the chain sells slightly higher-end products than Best Buy. "We're going after two somewhat different customers," says Layden, formerly the president of Future Shop Ltd. "Age group and interest levels are very similar but how they like to shop for their products will be different."

A year after the first Best Buy opened in Canada, the strategy seems to be working. The company's operating losses are up this year compared to last, but that's only because of the cost of building new stores. Otherwise, sales are on a substantial rise: During the first six months of 2003, they rose 34 per cent over the same period last year, to \$1.2 billion. Encouraged by those results, Layden plans to blanket the country with as many as 65 Best Buys and up to 125 Future Shops.

Another unusual part of the business model is how the company decides on store locations. Some Best Buy stores—which currently number 14 in Canada—have popped up in nice blends, or even across the street from a Future Shop. Consultant David Gray, president of Vancouver-based Birch Lane Solutions, wonders if this play will slow

growth for both stores in the long run. "It's certainly unusual and I think they're uncertain," he says. "They publicly say they're not concerned with cannibalization, but it's important to minimize it and concentrate on taking market share from other people." In response, Layden points to the suc-

Layden plans to build 65 Best Buys and a total of 125 Future Shops across Canada.



PUTTING BIG BOXES close together, retail analyst Evans says, can help the company capture double the share it had and kill the competition

cess of the Mississauga location. Before the Best Buy moved into the neighbouring town in August 2002, Future Shop sales rang in at \$53 million a year. Since, Future Shop has seen a decline to about \$48 million, but thanks to sales of \$42 million at Best Buy, the increase in revenue on that one transaction is \$36 million. "In the long-term, putting boxes close together can help the company capture double the share it had with a single store and kill the competition," says retail analyst Wendy Brown, head of Toronto-based Evans & Co. Consultants Inc. But despite what the company says, Evans expects the U.S. parent company will

eventually merge the two firms under one brand name. "Market-share dominates," she says, "in virtually American thinking."

Layden's own benefits from the fact that Canada has no other major chains. Sure, retailers such as Wal-Mart, the Bay and Sears sell TVs and audio equipment, but the electronics-specific marketplace is fragmented. There have been rumours suggesting U.S. giant Circuit City Stores Inc. might come north, but so far officials with the Richmond, Va.-based company say they have no such plans. Either way, Layden claims he's unconcerned. "There has always been room for two electronics giants in Canada," he says. "It would be very hard for a duopoly."

In an effort to compete, some smaller Canadian firms in this sector have banded together into buying groups to lower costs. And the big boys haven't closed away all the independent stores. Vancouver-based Plumed Winnipeg/Edmonton Electronics, among others, continues to succeed in a competitive environment because they offer a level of service and selection that the giants can't. "Their staff is by-the-house," says Mark Mandelstam, managing director of Toronto-based independent Bay Floor Radio. "We'd rather talk with our customers to find out what they want. We have dedicated professionals, some who've been with us 23 years. How can they compete with us?"

Still, there's no shortage of buyers keeping the retailers burning at the chains. Even with huge capital expenditures on new stores and comparatively small profit margins on electronics, Best Buy and Future Shop are thriving. As well, the important pre-Christmas sales period is yet to come. But because of the uncertainty of the industry—sales aren't always as brisk as they are in December—and those tight margins, making money is a little challenge, Layden says, so "volume is key."

Unless something drastic happens, Layden says, the long-term plan is to maintain two distinct chains. If forced to choose, which of the two would he shop at? "I'm not going to do that," he laughs. "Would a father pick which son he likes most?" No, but he probably wouldn't let them fight, either.

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THE IMPORTANCE OF GOLD

It's real, while other financial assets are created with computer keystrokes

THIS COLUMN should interest four kinds of readers. Type One invests in precious metals and as well as some leading gold mines. Type Two only gold holding is on her list. She hasn't waded there in a gold company since the last money years ago on a sure thing that turned out to be loose paper. Type Three is an economist with the federal government who is delighted that Canada is beginning to shift what remains of the nation's gold, replacing with U.S. Treasury bonds. Those bonds pay interest, and they aren't a mine to hold. When the economist talks to his counterparts abroad, she is proud of the respect they show for his sophistication. Type Four is sick and tired of discussions on gold and just wants to read about something real.

All four types should be paying close attention to the behavior of gold prices this summer. Type One is pleased with the big gains in his portfolio. Gold mining stocks have been sturdier performers in a sideways stock market, reflecting rising gold prices. But why should prices rise?

Because, in a word, gold is real. Other financial assets can be—and are—created with computer keystrokes. Most of the gold mined since prehistoric times will come, either in jewelry, teeth, coins or bars. It doesn't rust, and the amount of newly mined gold as a year is insignificant in relation to what's already out there. Somewhere.

Because of gold's uniqueness, its price action tells a lot about what's happening in the economy. When gold prices soared from US\$35 an ounce in 1968 to a high of US\$850 in 1980, the run-up told us that most people didn't believe their politicians and central bankers who pledged they would control inflation.

When gold prices entered a Triple Whammy collapse, falling 70 per cent over two decades, that told us the politicians and central bankers had not only learned how to control inflation, but were fully determined to "swindle it to the ground"—the colourful phrase attributed to Patryk Teichman, who

prevailed over the worst inflationary performance this nation ever experienced (Triple Whammy is three-stage financial catastrophes in which investors—and sometimes the whole economy—are punished over a period of many years for previous exorbitant excess. The global economic downturn began more than three years ago, was caused by the Triple Whammy collapse in technology and telecom stocks, as exemplified in the plunging in Nasdaq.)

Gold's long decline was accompanied by a long slide in inflation rates. By 1997, some of us were even beginning to be concerned that the world might soon be facing deflation. When gold prices finally bottomed out two years ago, economists, macroeconomists and central bankers were talking about this new kind of threat. As recently as May, Alan

MOST OF the gold mined since prehistoric times still exists, either in jewellery, teeth, coins or bars. And it doesn't rust.

Greenspan, the best-known central banker, was warning some of the possibility of deflation, which he predicted to deflate.

According to the law in gold prices since then, there's one promise he will likely keep. We should all be pleased he finally stopped fighting inflation. After the economic peripetries of the 1970s, we entered a period of global financial cooling. So many forces were combining to drive this trend toward hypothermia that by 2001 it looked to be developing a perilous self-reinforcing momentum. Japan and China had already entered outright deflation (as measured by falling producer and consumer price indices), and inflation across the Americas was nearing zero.

Gold prices have recently seen mixed messages. They told us there are still defla-

tionary risks on the Continent, but not in the United States or, to a lesser extent, in Canada. That's because gold has risen modestly this year in terms of the euro, but has moved up sharply in terms of the U.S. dollar. Gold prices tend to move in the opposite direction from changes in the foreign exchange value of the greenback. That's because the Bretton Woods Agreement of 1944 positioned gold as the global store of value and anchored the dollar in its place. Since then, inflation rates in most economies across the world have tended—over periods of time—to correlate reasonably well with the price changes of gold in the various currencies. By late August, gold was up nearly 50 per cent from its 2001 low against the U.S. dollar, which was increasing evidence that deflation had been "swinded to the ground."

How? By making Fed monetary expansion, the big increases in federal spending, partly for the war on terror but mostly on domestic programs, and by the worsening of the nation's trade deficit. The U.S. dollar is clearly heading lower; foreign exchange markets over the next year, and that means higher gold prices (at least in U.S. terms), higher interest rates and, ultimately, a swing from deflation toward inflation. The inflation will be modest, at least initially, but what will be significant will be the directional change—away from hypothermia back toward hyperthermia, just before the economic patient would have shown serious illness.

Canada will not experience an equal swing, because the loonie will soon resume its bullish performance against the greenback, so gold prices in Canadian terms will not rise as sharply as in the U.S. But Canada will also experience rising long-term interest rates because of the powerful pull on global bond markets from U.S. Treasury bond yields. The Canadian economy will benefit from stronger economic growth across the globe in deflationary pressures (but industrial commodity prices will keep rising in response to soaring demand).

Of course, you won't hear this from a central bank economist, should you be sharing a drink or a cigar with one of them. Instead, raise gold prices to tell the bullpups like me about inflation and/or deflation.

Donald Gore is chairman of Harris Investment Management in Chicago and of Toronto-based Invest Review Investment Management Inc.

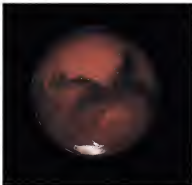


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NEXT STOP: THE RED PLANET?

The case for mounting
a full-fledged
exploration of Mars

ON AUG. 14, millions of people were glued into the largest power blackout in North American history. It turned Toronto into an urban wasteland's paradise, and I walked down to a local parking lot with a few others to get a better look at the night sky. The moon rose slowly, casting shadows of buildings upon buildings while the actual Perseid meteor shower panned overhead. In the southeast, an amber fire perched the Westerns, the star Men.

With Earth and Mars progressing to their closest approach in over 60,000 years, so is the possibility of landing humans on the

Red Planet's surface. Ancient Greek astronomers first observed five visible planets: Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn. Beyond its red-orange hue, Mars distinguished itself by appearing to periodically switch from a forward to a backward trajectory. Without knowledge of elliptical orbits, the Greeks assumed that this to-and-fro movement with disruption, disorder and distress. This, coupled with the planet's bloody red, led to its naming after the Greek god of war, Ares, and later after the Roman equivalent, Mars.

The vibrant myth of life on Mars grew with the advancement of telescopic equipment and the work of Italian astronomer Giovanni Schiaparelli. In 1877, his observations resulted in the first detailed map drawings of Mars, and included wavy lines across the planet's surface, which he termed canals. The public and the scientific community were triggered for Martians, and saw the "canals" as irrefutable evidence of their existence and technological prowess.

It was, however, Terrill Lovell, a self-taught astronomer and Harvard-educated astrologer, who took things to a new level. As

Our close planetary neighbour (above) could become home to a colony of humans.

the turn of the 20th century, he dedicated himself to the telescopic exploration and documentation of these Martian canals and consulted with further popularizing the notion of intelligent life on Mars in three books. But in 1915 and 1918, NASA's Mariner spacecrafts sent back photos that, rather than revealing a vibrant world of swamps and canals, showed a desert-like planet reminiscent of the moon's barren landscape.

The 1970s, though, saw a rekindling of excitement over Mars exploration. NASA's Mariner 9 and Viking missions produced more than 30,000 photographs, many of which portrayed a "terrifying world that likely had a complex geological, and possibly even a biological, past. Although the results seemed to tell us that Mars did not have constant life, the Viking photos spoke of an ancient Mars with flowing water on its surface, fostering speculation that it may have once been a second oasis in our solar system. Concomitantly, the search for life on Mars as science's new religion, follow the water trail.

On Earth, life has been found in waters above 109° C, below 0° C, at the acidity of battery acid, and at great depths and pressures where sunlight does not reach. Each time we think we've established the boundaries for biological existence, life seems to definitely transcend these conditions. The earthly findings have greatly increased speculation that life flourished on Mars during its early geological history and may still thrive as pockets of the planet.

Now there is an international consensus of robotic explorers on their way from Christmas season rendezvous with Mars. The first of these voyages scheduled to reach the planet will be the European Space Agency's Mars Express, an orbiter and lander package called Beagle 2, which includes a robotic craft that will move across the surface and drill for signs of water and Martian life. The Japanese spacecraft, Nozomi, meaning "hope," is also on its way. It doesn't include a lander, but while orbiting will perform a chemical analysis of the planet's atmosphere. Finally, NASA has a couple of ship-to-moon exploration rovers, Spirit and Opportunity, on their way. Using astronauts mounted on robotic arms, these two wheeled geologists will explore areas that may have had a watery past.

Human missions to Mars would be the next logical evolution. This brings up a question I'm frequently asked: why should we

bother going? Hypothecating about Mars from the safety of Earth is sedate. As we replace the Red Planet we may learn more about global-scale climate change and the essence of life. And by sending humans, we will benefit directly from the technology that must be developed for the endeavor. Throughout human history, such advancements have ultimately led to the advancement of our social and moral standards. This is the responsibility—the privilege—of those who have the resources to explore.

But by searching Mars for signs of life, we are accomplishing more than a merely ticking off scientific accomplishments. With this understanding, we attempt to answer a question that has lingered in our minds over the generations: are we alone? If we do find that Mars had, or has, life, this tells us that it might be elsewhere in our universe. And if we find life on Mars, will it be similar to ours, or different? If the former, then perhaps there is only one blueprint for life, while the latter suggests that life may result from a variety of chemical compositions.

Finally, there is a very practical reason to



Millions have watched Mars glow in the night.

go to Mars. Our sun is the giver of life, but it's currently middle-aged, and as it heads into its grand finale over the next five billion years or so, it will drive the Earth out of the comfortable real estate it occupies. Human civilizations, if they still exist, will be forced to make a choice—go or perish. Mars is the perfect target ground for its moving home. For the first time, but not contrary to the effects of the aging sun, Mars cannot be our final destination, rather, it is a doorway to the rest of our solar system and beyond.

Canada is poised to make major contributions to this goal. Our High Arctic has become all the rage with those looking for Mars-like circumstances, and research teams have drilled sites in Nunavut and fit the bill. The Japanese and NASA missions include Canadian technology. As well, there is the Northern Lights project, a proposed Canadian-led Mars lander and rover mission. Ben Quire, director of space science at Toronto-based Thales Technology Inc. and an assistant professor at York University, has spearheaded a diverse collection of Canadian researchers who have given their resounding support for his promising plan. Although a human mission cannot perhaps 25 to 30 years away, there is clearly unprecedented momentum building toward this goal. Keeping the fire fuelled will require public support, political permission and increased budgets. The time has come to embrace our responsibility to explore, achieve and inspire.

Darlene Lim is a leading international expert on Mars and a doctoral student in environmental geology at the University of Toronto.

ADVANCED **NON-SURGICAL** | TREATMENT FOR HEEL PAIN

Extracorporeal Shockwave Therapy offers hope where conventional methods fail

A Toronto podiatrist is the first foot specialist in Canada offering this non-surgical alternative for chronic heel pain.

Sheldon Nadl began performing Extracorporeal Shockwave Therapy (ESWT) out of his Toronto clinic in March 2002. Developed for people who have failed all other conventional treatments, the new procedure relieves pain without surgery.

As seen on CTV - 'Believe' and Global TV - 'Health Matters'

"I have no pain in my left foot for the first time in five years," said Janet Zimmman, a 44-year-old woman and volunteer firefighter in the town of Huronville, Ontario. Zimmman had suffered from chronic pain due to severe plantar fasciitis and heel spurs. After numerous failed treatments through six different clinics, his foot specialist recommended Nadl's shockwave therapy treatment, which he underwent in March 2002. "It's an amazing feeling to be back to normal. I'm more active, back into sports and more cheerful at my job."

"Currently, hundreds of thousands of

Canadians suffer from heel pain and are inhibited from performing simple everyday tasks. This procedure gives new hope where other conventional methods have

failed," said Nadl. "Normally, it takes as little as one to three months to see optimal improvement."

Nadl performs high intensity shockwave treatments using state-of-the-art equipment. Local anaesthesia makes the procedure virtually painless. Because surgery isn't involved, side effects are extremely rare and people can get back to their normal activities faster," said Nadl.

"Usually only one treatment visit is necessary."

— Sheldon Nadl, D PM

Nadl received his Doctor of Podiatric Medicine degree from the Ohio College of Podiatric Medicine in Cleveland. After completing a foot surgery residency at Broad Street Hospital in Philadelphia, he opened a private practice in Toronto in 1980. Nadl also performs manual massage foot surgery in his office for bunions, hammertoes, corns and bone spurs and also performs laser surgery for ingrown nails. Most patients find that they can walk comfortably with little discomfort afterward.

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'YUKON IS A BRAND'

The territory's premier wants more investment



DENNIS FENTIE was elected to the Yukon's legislative assembly in 1996 as a member of the NDP. But with the territory's economy stagnating, Fentie, who owned his own construction company, decided to capitalise on the growing unemployment of the ruling NDP and defected to the pro-development Yukon Party in May 2002. He became its leader a month later and in November 2002 he was elected premier. Fentie, 52, who moved from Edmonton to the Yukon with his mother when he was 12, spoke with *Maclean's* National Business Correspondent Katherine MacKenzie about the personal problems he has overcome and his plans to revitalize the Yukon's economy.

In 2004 you were convicted of drug trafficking and served 17 months in prison. Did that

influence your decision to enter politics?
No. As a young man I made mistakes, and took responsibility. If we were to provide anybody from politics with made mistakes, it would be a pretty narrow group of people involved in government.

What differentiates politics in the North from southern Canada?

We tend to put a more human face on politics up here. It's very close-knit with 30,000 people in the territory, so it's not hard to know most people. I'm very fortunate to be in a jurisdiction that has that human side, because others don't and it becomes a blood sport. Yukon's economy.

Why do you switch from the NDP to the conservative Yukon party?
The New Democrats don't have a look at a

socialist agenda. There are many others out there who have different ideologies with a very strong social conscience and sense of community, and I happen to be one of those. But I'm not shy in saying that I recognised an opportunity.

Oilmen has transferred a host of responsibilities to the Yukon, including health-care and natural resources. Do you want the territory to become a province?

We have no desire to go into a constitutional debate. But it doesn't provide us from looking at some legal aspects to determine whether the Yukon has certain rights even without provincial status.

The economy is always a challenge in the North. What's happening on that front?

We must strike a balance when we deal with environmental protection and development. We need to engage the private sector and the investment community to complement government spending to create growth. That's the key challenge.

How do you intend to do that?

We are forging negotiations with the First Nations. That's a must, because they have the right to self-government and a land base. The two governing jurisdictions have to come together with common purpose in dealing with economic issues.

Many of the Yukon's mines are close to depletion. What is the private sector supposed to invest in?

We have to look to areas that have the potential for development, and mining is one of them. Exploration in the mining industry is a prerequisite for further development. There are many possibilities, whether it be lead, zinc, gold or minerals.

Diamonds?

We haven't found diamonds but that doesn't mean they're not here. Again, it goes back to the experience of exploration.

What about the wider economy?

The backdrop of the Yukon and the mine of the Yukon sector is a brand. One that's well positioned for promoting. With mine tourism and destination tourism are important, although I think everybody has been impacted by SARS. Even up here, because people don't want to travel when things like that happen. ■

Column | MARY JARDIN



THE MALTESE TRADER

An aspiring fashion designer knows her growth is tied to lower global tariffs

THE CANADIAN poster child for global trade is a tiny fashion designer with giant dreams enmeshed in a web of international Toronto. Jay Carlini, 38, the daughter of Maltese immigrants, was making clothes and rag dolls for herself and her friends by the time she was 10. After a two-year fashion course at a local community college, she worked briefly for a small firm—and then founded her own company ("I learned how to run a business by tripping over my own feet constantly," she says wryly). She designed clothes for local boutiques. She produced costumes for the driving films in duty-free stores. She married a contractor and had two children. And last year, she realised that she wanted to turn Jay Carlini Design Inc. into "more of a brand and have other products like perfume [D'Joy] and jewellery."

Not an easy task. With some scrambling, she found an impressive New York City representative, Shoshanna Silver, which handles such top-worshiped fashions as L'Oréal. Then, after a chance meeting at an airport with a Toronto leather agent, she was put in touch with a skilled leather-working firm in Karachi, Pakistan. She met its owner in Toronto last spring—because he has two children in university here. He agreed to produce, at relatively low cost, the small numbers of each garment she ordered—in the hope that business would eventually boom. She agreed to complete retail factory-work and work with his employees on patterns and products. So, in late July, a small boat, Asia, arrived with political cover, Carlini flew to Karachi. "I was so happy for I left that I did not stop to drink until I set down on the plane," she recalls. "And then what? What do I think I am doing?"

The answer is simple: she was following that hallowed Canadian tradition of reaching out to the world. And reaching out never ends. The World Trade Organization's so-called Doha round has been trying to approve ending terms for developing nations. But with the WTO's fifth ministerial meeting set for Cancun, Mexico this week, the odds

for the Doha round's success are not good. For a trade-dependent nation such as Canada, that is a sorrow—in it for Third World nations. The value of our exports around 35 per cent of the size of our GDP, imports are about 30 per cent. And while the U.S. takes 87 per cent of these goods, our trade with other nations remains lively. So says Canada's trade minister, who provides five per cent of our imports—up from 1.5 per cent only a decade ago. "Doha's success is very important to Canada," says C.D. Howe Institute policy analyst Danielle Goldfish. "Because we have a large stake in a rules-based multilateral system."

And this round is critical. Officially, ministers are discussing everything from their trade in agriculture and services to the ownership of intellectual property. Unofficially,

THE DEVELOPED countries' reluctance to grant too many breaks may stall this week's trade talks. That is a sorrow for Canada and the Third World.

their task is to ensure that Third World nations finally reap more benefits from liberalized trade. (In fact, it has been championed the development round.) Although developing nations have lowered their barriers to manufacturing goods in previous rounds, their agricultural exports still cannot compete against the heavily subsidized products of U.S. and European farmers. At 2000 Nobel Prize-winning economist Joseph Stiglitz noted in *Globalization and Its Discontents*. "So unfair has the trade agenda been that not only have the poorer countries not reaped the fruits of the benefits, the poorest regions in some of the world, sub-Saharan Africa, are actually made worse off as a result of the trade round."

Tariffs and apparel are a divisive example of this continuing unfairness. In 1995, as part of the WTO's Uruguay round, Cana-

da agreed to eliminate quotas and reduce tariffs on imports of those products by January 2005. Earlier this year, in a gesture to 48 least developed nations, Canada extended that schedule—and eliminated the quotas and tariffs that apply to them. Poor as it is, Pakistan is not poor enough: it did not qualify for that break. Its key exports of textiles and apparel still face Canadian tariffs, many well above 20 per cent. Next January, they will decline to a range of 12 to 18 per cent. But, Goldfish argues, if we really want to aid those nations, we would foster export growth "it upen development and reduces poverty, particularly among women." Early next year, when Carlini brings her spring line into Canada, she expects duties of 15 per cent.

Still, her trip was a success. Karachi is a sprawling, gritty city that neither by severe flooding during her stay. "The whole thing overwhelmed me until I met the people at the factory," she says. "And then I could see this was going to go well." The factory is one of eight companies in a multi-generational family consortium, Siddiq Leather Works Ltd. It has an ISO rating: that is, it conforms to international standards for quality and safety. "I do not want people suffering making my stuff," says Carlini.

Workers move easily from the modest to the conditional. Differences, they adapt to her pattern to differentiate—and then carefully handcrafted them. The elegantly tailored products in soft velvets and leathers are near perfect. "There are only a few things I want to change," Carlini says, "because, in a high-end garment, all of the details, inside and out, must show quality."

The developed countries' reluctance to grant too many breaks may stall the Doha negotiations this week. Little can be done until after the U.S. presidential election in late 2004—because no candidate would risk the potential wrath of domestic industries. And the European Union is incapable of lowering subsidies fast. Alan Morrison, research director for the Munk Centre for International Studies, predicts the "stale won't be able to agree themselves until 2005 to 2007."

Canada has a huge stake in Doha's success—if only because trade is better than no trade on a development tool. Meanwhile, a common position, trade increasingly expands Carlini's spring line. HBS U.S. articles in March.

Mary Jardin's column appears every other issue. mjardin@maclean.ca

THE INTIMACY OF BLOGS

Web-based writers reveal all in their digital diaries, MICHAEL SNIDER writes

WHEN PLAIN LAYNE suddenly pulled her site down early June, a little corner of the blogosphere went dark. Instead of the 26-year-old Minnesota's pugnacious daily entries on her Weblog, an on-line journal, a blunt one-line message greeted visitors: "Like very good one of you." No more honestly introspective narratives of her life. No more unbridled entries detailing the search for her birth parents, sessions with her therapist or her disappointing love affair with Violet, the stubby-tongued Dragon Lady. Comments flooded by tempers. "Her surprising, unannounced departure is sending me and my obsessive imagination into a frenzy of worry," wrote Gudy Two Shoes on his own Weblog. "If life's gone then I swallow well," posted Intellectual Poison. "She got me started with this whole blogging thing, something that I am truly grateful for." And Daintily Dirty asked, "Are the relationships we create by our blogging of any value?"

That's a good question. It turned out that Plain Layne, aka Layne Johnson, wasn't gone for good. She'd just had a week during which she moved into a new house and witnessed the birth of her surrogate little sister's baby before getting her site back up (<http://plainlayne.blogspot.com>) But the reaction from her readers was genuine. One of the prime reasons people blog is to make connections with others, and when Plain Layne went missing, it was like an old friend had just up and moved in the middle of the night, with no forwarding address.

Weblogs are independent Web sites usually owned by a single person or by a small group of people. They serve as frequently updated forums to discuss whatever the blogger wants to discuss. Unmonitored, each blogger is author, editor and publisher, beholden solely to his or her own whims and desires. There are specializations: blogs, media blogs, gay blogs, sports blogs, war blogs, anti-war blogs, photo blogs, photo-franchises of thousands of blogs, usually (sometimes as high as two million). "Blogging is not people wanting other people's lives talking about the minutiae of their lives," says Joe

Clark, 34, a Toronto author who operates several blogs. "The thing that's attractive about reading Weblogs is that you know there is one human being or a group of human beings behind them."

Free and easy to use publishing programs with names like Blogger, Movable Type and Live Journal opened the phenomenon. Now, anyone with a computer and an Internet connection can set up their own blog with relative ease. Paul Martin blogs, journalists blog, pundits, critics and social media bloggers. And what can you find there? Well, imagine standing in front of a library of gossamer magazines each loaded with glossy covers with everything from new releases to gaudy rags.

Blogs break down into two very general groups: linking blogs, and personal online journals. Political blogs like Glenn Reynolds' Instapundit.com, media blogs like Jim Rosencranz's Poynter Online (www.poynter.org/newsline), or tech blogs like slashdot.com are of the former kind. They're link-down sites that connect readers to

PERSONAL BLOGS are famous for breaking usual standards of disclosure, revealing details considered by some to be very private

other actual news stories and sometimes add a little commentary along with it. A personal blog is more like a diary entry or column in a daily newspaper, it is Barbara Finkel of the *National Post* or Leah McLaren of the *Globe and Mail*—all about "me and what I think." Writers recount events in their lives—sometimes very private ones—and their thoughts to a public audience.

Resonant very. Sometimes, the practice is therapeutic. For some, like Ryan Rhodes, who runs *Bumbling Rhodos* (<http://www.bumblings.blogspot.com>), blogging has some functional purposes. Rhodes, from Rochester, Minn., is now editor for an IBM

publication called *eServer Magazine* but also writes humor columns for some local newspapers. He figured blogging would be a good writing exercise that might offer him instant feedback from readers. "Like knowing the stuff I write is being read," says Rhodes, "and I like it when it hits someone in a positive way and they tell me, so I can use it later for my column."

Personal blogs are famous for breaking usual standards of disclosure, revealing details considered by some to be very private. Dan Gudy, a 25-year-old Berliner, kept a diary when he was a teenager but gave it up, unhappy with the results. "My first experience was a total failure," says Gudy. "It was only myself talking about myself and I did not enough." But last year, when he created his site, Gudy Two Shoes (<http://gudy.blogspot.com>), the self-described introvert discovered that blogging opened a release valve. "I had to deal with some problems at the time and somehow needed to let it out. Part of me asked, why not use a blog for that?" Now, Gudy blogs about the books he reads and bike-riding through the German countryside. He also blogs about his life with his wife. "People can talk about what a nice bike ride they had or what a nice meal they had, but why can't they talk about what a nice f--- they had last night?"

For many, that very willingness to discuss intimate details is one of the most alluring features of blogging. "Your Weblog becomes an extension part of you," says Clark, "so you can share some distance from your feelings, even though you're putting them out for everyone to read. But then all your readers are right up close and they know you because you're writing directly to them." In turn, readers can offer their own feedback: personal blogs frequently allow them to comment after each post, with something as easy as clicking a link that opens a pop-up box where they can add their own two cents' worth. "When I first started blogging," writes Daintily Dirty (<http://www.daintilydirty.blogspot.com>), an anonymous 32-year-old blogger who chatted with McLaren's wit-

ness messenger, "I had no idea what I was getting into with the personal nature of the interaction. But the connections you find are what keep you coming back."

Layne Johnson's readers can attest to that. An excellent narrative writer who opens her soul to his readers, Plain Layne's daily entries regularly receive dozens of comments. "I chopped from one blog to the next and somewhere found Plain Layne," says Gudy. "What made me stay on her beat of honesty and intimacy of sharing, her very beautiful way of writing." Rhodes echoes the sentiment. "Layne is digital crack," he says. "Hands down, as far as I've

read, she's got the best personal blog I have to read her every day."

Johnson politely turned down a request for an interview, explaining her blogging is a personal exercise that's meant to be cathartic. And somehow, that's the way it should be. Plain Layne does her talking, or typing, on her blog. "I thank the hardest thing about sharing your life on-line is that at some point you discover people know you," Johnson wrote in a June post. "They know you from the inside out, the way your mind works, what makes you laugh or cry, you hope and fear." It's close to see the way her blog as an outlet, a place to dump her an-

xiety and frustration in a search for identity and understanding. It takes a place of intimate and earthy, with stories of unspooling office meetings and agonizing golf outings, all told with a flair and talent that would make some "me" columnists envious.

Blogs might seem too revealing for people who prefer their diaries to remain private. But more and more strangers are finding millions of other strangers into their lives, with a willingness to share just about anything, finding their own shelf space on the world's most accessible magazine rack, open to anyone who wants to pick up a copy. Welcome to the blogosphere.



'It's awesome, especially when you win it on pit road'

Two-time NASCAR champion Terry Labonte didn't win a stock-car race in four years. But on Labour Day weekend, at the Southern 500 in Darlington, S.C., he put a dramatic end to his 156-race "losing streak from hell." And his pit crew—including Murray Timm, the front tire-changer from Kitchener, Ont.—had a lot to do with it. Most of the field thundered off the 2.2-km, egg-shaped oval and onto pit road with just 32 laps remaining that day. Timm, 33, had his team-mates scurried over the safety wall to change all four tires. Labonte, 46, had been running third before he came in, but his back-tying crew had him exiting the pits in first place. After that, Timm recalls, it was nothing but easy work to the finish line.

I got up on the wall for the last stop. We really didn't want to get because we were in a good position. Mike [a helper] says to me, 'You're on pit road.' We had picked up spots all day long in the pits, but our car was better on longer runs and it was a short run to the finish.

You're allowed to use seven men over the wall, and late in the race when you have enough gas to make it, we use the two fast guys to help change tires. I'll knock my leg out and lean back, and our fitter will pull the tire, and my carrier will put another in. I never let go of my gas, so it actually saves almost a full second. That's where the difference was. An average pit stop will be in the 14s, high 13s. We had one 14-second stop, seven 13-second stops, and two 12-second stops, which are almost unheard of.

During the week it won't be aerodynamics. If you're running behind somebody, the front of your car starves for air and the back gets more, so you lose the balance of the car. You can get away from a pack a lot easier when you're in front, getting clean air, so we were at an advantage at the end.

That was my first time going over the wall and actually winning a race. It's awesome, especially when you win the race on pit road. Our driver did an awesome job, so I doubt about it, but we got him out first. That was the difference, it was really gratifying to us to be able to pull that off. I'm still trying to believe that we won the race!

Timm prepping Chip, at left, and changing tires in the heat of a race (right, on lanes)



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DREAMING OF OBLIVION

A festival crop of CanFilm plumbs fears of sex, death and open space



LAST WEEK, in the wake of Canadian Idol tune-up-discs except at the opening of the Toronto International Film Festival (TIFF), it was *Offside* having stormed SARS, and a breath of the Dark Ages, Canada's most self-conscious city was back in the spotlight, happily raising gas around the city to the roads of world cinema. A tense terrorist, and a summer of horror movies, definitely behind us. Sure, there were a few thrills about the dark, most involving lost children wandering out of their depths—both the wondrous fables of *Finding Nemo*, *White Rider* and *Pirates of the Caribbean* to the family freak shows of *Thirteen* and *Capturing the Friedmans*. But now, as the festival juggernaut launches the fall movie season, it's time for more adult, grown-up pleasures. Time to

Polly plays an adulterous mother with two months to live in *My Life Without Me*.

with a divinely delivered Bill Murray drift through the glass towers of Tokyo in *Solo Coppola's* *Lost in Translation*. Time to watch a de-bloated Meg Ryan shed her inhibitions, and her clothes, in Jane Campion's deeply erotic thriller *The Piano*.

And time to rescue the mad traffic jam for *The Great Canadian Movie*.

Second only to Cannes—and with a program that often outpaces it—TIFF (Sept. 4-15) is Toronto's world-class film event, a major city center that juggles Hollywood stars with Turkish satires. But for all its international renown, the festival has never dared its mandate as the premier showcase

for Canadian cinema. Among the 339 films from 55 countries showing at TIFF's 28th annual edition are 19 new Canadian features. The lineup is richer than usual, beginning with the opening night gala, *The Barbarian Invasions*, the Denys Arcand masterpiece that triumphed in Cannes last May.

An tragicomic tale of terminal cancer, set against a canvas of social collapse, *Invasions* paints to us a dying preoccupation with death and sliding in the funeral program—in answer to the brutal but brilliant *21 Grams*, which up the ante with terminal illness, terminal love and dead children. "There's an endless line of films about grieving, and about people preparing for death," observes TIFF director Peter Hanfing. "It goes on and on and on." And, no deaths in glass, our

own filmmakers are polling their weight. *Invasions* is one of four Canadian features that deal directly with terminal illness. In *My Life Without Me*, a luminous Sarah Polley stars in a happily married blue-collar mother who jumps into an affair after learning she has two months to live. In *The Drent*, a sad case Don McKellan plays a gay New York or dying of AIDS who hosts his own girls suicide party. And in *Dying at Grace*, a haunting documentary from veteran Adrian King, the camera kindly traces death in the face as it trades live palliative-care patients until they stop breathing.

Everywhere you look, Canadian filmmakers are comparing the past with past nostalgia. In *Emile*, from Vancouver writer-director Carl Bessai, a dithering Sir Ian McKellan stars as an eccentric professor who comes home to be haunted by bloody apparitions of his two brothers, who died violently on the old family farm. McKellan and Deborah Kerringer, who plays his colorful niece, create a delicate tension, but the film lingers on flashbacks that play like 1941 rock cards from hell.

Turned family trauma is more efficiently rendered in *Falling Angels*, a darkly comic gem of suburban Gothic drama. Based on Barbara Gowdy's 1989 novel, it's about three sisters growing up in '50s suburban with a boozing, tyrannical father (Colleen Keith Remick) and a cocaine mother (Debra Byrne). A family scorned by the supposed death of a five-year-old boy who tumbled from the mother's arms into his gay father's arms, *Falling Angels* evokes the comic mood of an era as volatile as polio, one that swings from fustible confinement in a backyard fallout shelter to flirting with sex and drugs in a Volkswagen van.

Falling Angels is one of three new adaptations of Canadian fiction, along with *The Republic of Love* (Carl Ribicki) and *The Snow Walker* (Felix Mitter). Each picture presses on over-the-hill scenes of place, with characters enveloped by cold, alien landscapes. *Falling Angels* is set amid the suffocating touch of suburban Toronto. But

for financial reasons, Vancouver director Scott Smith had to shoot in Saskatoon, where he found strange suburbia as a past served from the one that inspired the novel. Meanwhile, the producers of *The Republic of Love* couldn't afford to ship their cast west. So they moved the setting of Ribicki's 1992 novel from an old Winnipeg neighborhood to the middle and glam of Toronto's

from the protagonists to their parents. "My mother always says that geography is destiny," offers Ties, spelling out what could be the ethos of the new Canadian cinema. From the suburban mall to the suburban fallout shelter, our location of choice is the mainstream, with characters ensnared by fears of the great beyond. Calgary writer-director Gary Burns takes that notion to extremes in *A Problem With Fear*, the story of an agoraphobic (Paul Curran) who's petrified of elevators, escalators, revolving doors, open space—and intimacy. His worst nightmares keep coming true as people around him are killed in an epidemic of freak accidents. Soon the city is in the grip of a media-fueled "fear storm"—with an evil security corporation profiting from the hysteria.



Although Burns's scare leads with uneasy timing, it plays more like an essay than a narrative. After his independent turn (2000), a stranger story with a neither genre, *A Problem With Fear* is a step backward for Burns, an act of agoraphobic filmmaking. And it has a wondrously spliced setting, a montage of images that incorporates Calgary's Teton Center with Montreal's subway.

In allowing landscape to subjugate characters, no one goes as far as Toronto's Vincenzo Natali. The surrealist director, who scored a hit with *Killswitch*

Family trauma in *Falling Angels* (top) and *Secrets in The Republic of Love* (top right).

conductor, always and underground malle. "The book is dead," says director Deepa Mehta. "The fact that we couldn't shoot in Winnipeg liberated me." The film became very postmodern. "The Indian-born director also stylized the movie with a glimmer of Bollywood, and a subtle undercurrent of 'fear'." The movie is beautifully crafted, with lush set design that makes you want to burn down the colour chips. And as Ties, the divorcee makes it night deep, *Republic of Love* is a different kind of love, that opposite Ties' *Angels* Emilia Fox. But this is an awkward romance, with a payoff that explodes as the focus slips

director Cade (1997), takes spatial counterpoint in the opposite direction with an absurdist comedy apocryphal. *Wishywashy* is a love story about a woman who's a suburban travel agent (Andrew Miller) and his quirky housewife (David Hewlett), who are transported onto a white void, a beauty of space of absolute emptiness. "There's no denying Natali's ingenuity in gauding with color," but there's also no denying the fact that we're stuck in a black network with two lead, annoying, unfunny leads.

If I'm going to be stranded with a stupid who messes up a white void, give me *The Snow Walker*. Based on the Farley Moore short story "White Will My Brother's," it's a post-apocalyptic tale of a bush pilot (Larry Pepper) stranded on the Arctic tundra for three months—with



a subarctic Inuit monster (Annabella Pirogaski) who hunts, seizes and smokes his hide. Charles Martin Smith (*Leviathan*) directs with brutalism. And after the intricate magic of *Antarctica* (*The Last Ranger*), this is a wild fishbowl, a poem about a whale hunt noted by a noble savage. But the film's beauty is location, location, location. As the cranes range from Churchill, Man., to Rankin Inlet, the land has a mesmerizing presence—No never seen an arctic field a close-up surrounded by so many mountains.

On the *Cameraman* offers a low-remembrance of Aboriginal destiny. Shot with gritty authenticity on Vancouver's Downtown East side, the feature from B.C. writer-director Nicholas Nickerson (*Native Son*) from Prince Rupert (Simon Baker) who lands on the Big House's doorstep of the justice hoodies (Mick Rieck). Though not without conviction, the drama follows a predictable arc, a collision course with police.

In a less melodramatic vein, that's also the operative device in *The Zine*, Thom Fitzgerald's angsty drama of outcasts. Although the story is set in Manhattan, Fitzgerald shot much of it in his hometown of Halifax, using a \$3,000 consumer video

camera. "We had no budget," says the director, explaining that "the film is a Canadian story. Fitzgerald stuck to his guns, and got McKellar, Olympia Dukakis, Parker Posey, Drew Carver and Smith Polley to work on the cheap. The movie picks an emotional punch, but the third-wave production looks like it's on its own form of life support.

TORONTO'S FILM FEST
juggles Hollywood stars with
Turkish auteurs, but has never
shirked its mandate as a
showcase for Canuck cinema.

Polley's other film about dying, *My Life Without Me*, is a curious hybrid—set in Vancouver, this Canadian Spanish-language production written and directed by Spain's Isabel Coixet, executive-produced by Pedro Almodóvar, and cast with American indie names such as Mark Ruffalo and Deborah Harry.

Meanwhile, the multiracial and sexual don't show. And in the cool whimsy of Coixet's undecorated director, Polley pulls off the honest performance of her career, as a good woman trying to make the best of death.

English Canadian cinema often seems split between earnest, unadorned realism and post-modern deconstruction of the creative process. Our dose of deconstruction is Winnipeg's *Winnipeg* Guy Maddin, who delivers his laziest, and most ambitious, feature with *The Sadler Music in the World*. Though based on an original screenplay by British novelist Kazuo Ishiguro (*The Remains of the Day*), this must be the most bizarre comedy of Canadian cinema ever made. Shot in Maddin's signature style with meticulously annotated and tinted images, it's a mock melodrama about an Olympic camera staged in Depression-era Winnipeg to document which nation has the saddest music. The central character is a legless beer baroness (Isabella Rossellini) and her ex-lover, a sleazy impresario (Mark McKinnon) who has cuckolded his father and his brother, a coffee who keeps a jar with his teeth pickled in wine. Various nationalities off a normal musical showdown (Spain versus Mexico), with the winners still

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WOODY'S MELLOW TOUCH

Actor/stage director Woody Harrelson shepherds a small Canadian production

IT'S LUNCH BREAK, and actor Woody Harrelson is served a salad topped with grilled chicken. There are no awards, but the digs in anyway. "I've got to finish before Woody gets here," she says, referring to Woody Harrelson, her director in the upcoming Toronto disaster production of *Titanic* at Our Town (Sept. 22-Oct. 16), and one of the world's most vocal proponents of an organic vegan

diet—he doesn't eat meat or dairy, and won't ingest food that's been heated in above-42°C (108° F). Joining Deliver at the table are her two co-stars, Marcello Cabreza, also eating chicken with his hands, and Fabrizio Filippo who, swigging from a bottle of water

He pushes that he isn't totally taken care of in Toronto—I love this freedom!

mixed with green algae and eating raw almonds, seems to be getting for the risk of director's jet.

When Harrelson arrives, the chicken's gone, but the gulf remains. Asked about his young cost's eating habits, Harrelson, 42, looks around. "Well, I noticed Woody started away immediately," he says, laughing. "When we come in, in the morning,

You discovered men.

You discovered boys.

You discovered marriage.



You discovered kids' toys that when you step on them



Ready when you are



filibuster if we had all just eaten raw foods, but on the other hand they're coming through the gangster doors, so it doesn't seem like their career is compromised at all."

It's going to take a lot more than positivity to sway Harrelson on these three, who had the audacity to contact the black-based film brood and send their woodchips to Toronto to direct a production involving virtual unknowns in a venue, the Berkeley Street Theatre Uptown, with only 167 seats. It was really Kenneth Calabrese, 23, who brought

Harrelson points out, that, while he was based in Manhattan in 1983, at the age of 22, he was "seriously in a dilemma about those guys in the play. So it was a little bit different—going to the Upper West Side and hanging out in someone's apartment in a way up from Mel's Kitchen, where I was living." But he was impressed with the play and the pitch Calabrese had sent his agent. So

Deliver (left), Filippo and Calabrese star in Loneragan's play. This is Our Youth



he agreed to meet Calabrese and Deliver at the raw-food restaurant Quotidienne in New York (Filippo was shooting the Canadian miniseries *Lives of the Saints* with Sophia Loren in Italy). The two met for Harrelson, and everyone was keen to move forward.

THE ACTORS' TOP choice for director was Harrelson, and now they praise his nurturing style, even if they don't all adhere to his vegan diet

Calabrese wasn't so surprised: it all worked out. "We're all artists, and there should be this global collaboration that goes on."

Such high-mindedness may be laudable, but even Harrelson admits to having had some qualms. "I'm a Jew, Toronto was a big question mark," he says. "I was here 18

years ago, when they were shooting *Three Men and a Cradle*, and I was hanging out with these guys—Ted [Danson] and Steve Guttenberg. And I didn't have much of a recollection of the city. So even as a thing comes up, you don't know how your life ends up panning you there, but you feel like you've been totally taken care of. That's how I feel here. I love this fucking town."

Sure enough, the Toronto cast, soft spoken Harrelson has softer made rehearsal and rooftop bonfires. The actors say his directing style is mellow and nurturing. "It's just taking all the energy and directing it," says Filippo, who adds that Harrelson has even taught him a little bit of yoga to include parivrttana, a pose that reduces stress.

Meanwhile, the director isn't too worried about directing out the social commentary folded into the play, as in the early days of the Reagan era. Perhaps Harrelson has enough baggage to buckle in his life with the documentary *Go North*, by Canadian director Ron Mann. Currently featured in the Toronto film festival, it depicts the same's Simple Organic Living Tour, in which he travelled down the U.S. West Coast on a hemp-oil-fueled bus, stopping at colleges and

preaching the benefits of raw food, yoga and hemp. In any case, Harrelson says that "there are definitely messages that Kenneth Loneragan has in there. But I think it's just good entertainment." All these actors reflect their shoulders a bit. "I find that incredibly refreshing," says Filippo. "That's where we have fallen in Canada, in theatre and movies. We feel we have to add some kind of importance beyond entertainment or it's not valid. It's quite revolutionary to hear a theatre director say something like that."

By this point, the love bonfire is coming back on. "The first day of rehearsal," enthuses Harrelson about his actors, "they were already all-book. They're doing stuff they shouldn't be doing for three weeks. It's so much better than I ever imagined." Immediately, Deliver taps the back of her chair while Filippo and Calabrese coach the wooden floor. The director, with a name appropriate for this moment, heaves, then smiles and kneels on his own head. □



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PUZZLED BY FRENCH

I'd love to be bilingual, but fluency in *parlez-ing le français* has eluded me

ARE YOU a bilingual Canadian? Were you lucky enough to be mislabeled as bilingual because of community or to grow up from a French immersion program? Or are you one of those middle-aged English Canadians who, like me, were exposed to French just 40 minutes a day, five days a week, starting in Grade 9? We in the last group have either struggled with French all our lives—or gone up in smoke.

There was a time when I could read and write French—1969 to be exact, I was in my second year at Queen's University in Kingston, Ont., majoring in that language. Growing up in east Toronto, I had done well in the subject in high school. But university was tougher. Students were expected to actually converse in French. So I copied out Iambert's *my neighbor in English*. I never achieved oral fluency in French.

Over the next three decades, I made a few more shots at it. I trilled through old France, arriving at how rapidly words could slip off the French tongue—and understanding very little. I took conversational French courses at night school, but the classes were too short and too infrequent to be effective. I read aloud to my two children, both in French immersion classes, but by Grade 2 they had started to stutter at my pronunciation. I joined a French-Canadian club to surround myself with francophones. They always switched to English in my presence. (I still wonder—were they being considerate, or was it too painful for them to listen to me?)

After moving to Calgary in 1998, I pretty much gave up. Then, one night, last winter, a friend of my neighbor phoned me. The fact we'd never met didn't stop Terry from asking, "How would you like to host a 13-year-old boy named Pierre from France for a month next summer?" She explained that she'd arranged for an au-pair to come from Lille, and the 16-year-old girl's family was wondering whether there was room for her younger brother. There wasn't, but my neighbor, who knew that our son, Ben,

dan, also 13, was in French immersion, had given Terry our number. My family agreed. We immediately began communicating with Pierre and his family via letters and e-mail, in a mixture of both languages. Pierre's enthusiasm was evident: "I'm sure that it will be very interesting for everybody. Can you give me more information about the Rocky Mountains, Calgary and the Calgary Stampede? How do you get a permit to leave? Bye, I love you, Pierre."

Here he was, just 13 and planning to cross an ocean to a new country to live with strangers who speak a foreign language. I was beginning to lose this old Pierre's confidence; helped ease my inevitable worries about what he'd get terribly homesick, and whether he and Brendan would get along (my daughter, Amy, 28, would be in England for the summer). And she went: what if I couldn't communicate with Pierre when Brendan or my husband, Bruce (who is bilingual) aren't handy?

A few days after Pierre arrived all anxieties vanished. He and Brendan hit it off. My son spoke adequate French—despite being

with his immersion classmates to say speak a word of a all summer. Pierre was polite, friendly, helpful, had a great sense of humor and if he felt homesick, he didn't show it.

Language was not a problem, but rather a source of entertainment. One day as the boys were about to hop on their bicycles, I noticed that Pierre was not wearing a helmet. Hastening to rectify the situation, I doled out deposits that part of the house where foreign words are used. Case solved, I thought. Probably once this I knew the secret "head."

"To do better to come this," I explained. Pierre looked confused while Brendan broke into laughter. Apparently, I had just ordered our guest to wear a puzzle on his head (the word I should have used was *casque*). Every one enjoyed the joke, and soon then on, helms were "casque."

It soon proved to be the only problem for Pierre, who adapted quickly to our climate, natural surroundings and lifestyle. One morning he showed me a particularly swollen bee on his arm. Wondering if it might be a spider bite, I again searched my subconscious in the hopes of coming up with the appropriate word. Remembering that upon looking to the attached class of insects, I suggested that perhaps he'd been bitten by an "aracide." I'm sure that Pierre, even in his worst fears about coming to Canada, never imagined he'd get bitten by a peanut.

After a week with us, he felt comfortable enough to try English. In fact, he insisted we speak only English (there were my latest visit to French fluency). He was determined and revealed new words in a notebook. His English and confidence steadily improved. Of course, there were some interesting moments. While we were discussing a trip to the Rockies he expressed an interest in seeing "a buddy." We knew what he meant, but I was momentarily stumped to get the *Vietnam's Secret* catalogue.

Pierre's visit was good for everyone, and indeed we formed a strong friendship. The best part for me is that now I know what I must do to become a possible francophone. My ad in the Paris newspapers will read (once mandated, of course): "Married Canadian lady would like to live with a French family for one month. Will help with children and housework. Must speak NO English. Must have sense of humor."

Anne Lofting is a freelance writer in Calgary. To comment on this article, email anne@canada.com.



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MACLEAN'S



CLOSINGNOTES



PEOPLE | 56

He's all about R&B-SHE-CIT
Reggae artist Sean Paul leads his mother and hopes to empower women with his videos



TELEVISION | 58

The right role is running the show
Michael J. Anderson has lost many acting gigs—Seth's father, a bookends fellow guest—an adorable hunchback. However, in his latest gig as the employee supervisor on HBO's David Letterman: Confidential, the laid person is finally making it big



LISTINGS

In Full Bloom
Sept. 24-27
Singer Adele Gleditsch (a long-time designer in Per off) lined presents a one-woman show about her life of the Vancouver East Cultural Centre
Sept. 24-27
Singer Adele Gleditsch (a long-time designer in Per off) lined presents a one-woman show about her life of the Vancouver East Cultural Centre
Sept. 24-27
Singer Adele Gleditsch (a long-time designer in Per off) lined presents a one-woman show about her life of the Vancouver East Cultural Centre

Creative Strides & Crafting Alive
Sept. 28 & 29
Thousands of people will enjoy the parade in the more than 100 work shops and lectures on craft-related subjects such as applique, quilting, knit and knit, and more. www.creativestrides.com
Calgary

Black & Orange
Sept. 25-Nov. 1
Directed by new talent, Chris Alabaz, this Canadian film is about a young, hospitalized man who seems to be the son of an African doctor. www.blackandorange.com
Toronto

Black & Orange
Sept. 25-Oct. 1
Winner of several Top-Guest Music Awards, P.I.E. (David Alabaz) group is performing at the Canadian Music Centre for the Arts—its second time taking on the role of the Canadian Music Centre before its closure. www.blackandorange.com
Calgary

Fossils | There shall be no stone left unturned

If you want hands-on experience in the great sweep of history, head for the stark and magnificent north shore of Nova Scotia. Around the Bay of Fundy, the world's highest tides have stripped away more than 200 million years' worth of land and the cliffs discover with the layers of geological time. Every year, thousands of professional and amateur rockhounds show up to scan the zone for semi-precious gems, remnants of ancient plants, even, perhaps, the fossilized remains of dinosaurs. "It's like a window into the past," explains George Denison, a biologist and amateur geologist from Ottawa, as he walks through the fossil cliffs of Joggins, 200 km north-west of Halifax.

If you're lucky, you can also make history. In 1851, the remains of some of the world's

largest, on the land, dinosaurs, it is, discovered the world's smallest dinosaur footprints

carcasses known reptiles were discovered under fossilized tree trunks. In 1984, a team of American and Canadian geologists, led by David J. Vickers, discovered the first fossil of a dinosaur, not far from Joggins. "The rules here are like 20,000 halibut canning and changing the land every day," says Bill Denison, who's been rockhounding for 56 years. In 1984, George (who runs the Joggins Rock & Mineral Shop in Joggins) discovered the smallest dinosaur footprint in the world in some local beach sandstone. And among amateur geologists, word has definitely spread about the Fundy cliffs. Bobbie Stephens, 41, is a unique dealer who travelled from her home in Massachusetts to run the beach at Joggins. "When you hold a fossil," she says, "it's like holding millions of years of your hand." Talk about a blast from the past.

THE DETAILS
A special permit is required to dig for fossils in Nova Scotia. Any important finds have to be turned in to the province.

JOHN DEMOTT



People | Dancehall reggae's very own mamma's boy

It's not often a musician pulling 10 puts his reputation on the line by admitting he lives at home with mom. But 28-year-old reggae artist **Sean Paul** isn't embarrassed. "Since my mom did so much for me growing up, especially when my dad was in jail, I owe it to her to be around," says the Kingston, Jamaica, artist whose dancehall reggae album, *Dutty Rock*, became a major breakthrough hit in North America after an release last year. "I can afford to move out, but I'm not home that often. And since we added new virgins to the house I don't have to share a room with my first love anymore."

Playing for *novissimos* is nothing for Sean Paul (who goes by his given names and doesn't use his surname, Henricus) now that he's one of only a few reggae artists ever to go platinum. And while Sean Paul's lyrics are

loaded with less about sex and smoking "the gaupa," there's rarely a mention of guns, unlike most songs in his genre. "Violence wasn't part of the scene I grew up in," says Sean Paul, who as a kid spent time in Juvies for visiting his grandparents. "But there are a lot of problems in Jamaica and it's important to use my music to send a good message to people around the world. And, of course, music is also about the ladies." But even the women in Sean Paul's music videos are out of character—for example, they don't show a lot of skin. "The rhythm and dancing should empower women," says Sean Paul, a former chef and one-time member of Jamaica's national wheelchair team. "A lot of music videos have women running around in bikinis. But that's just not real life." Mothers should be proud. **JAMIE KATIM**

Books | Kamikaze secrets

There's a certain amount of speculation placed on the author when it is clear who and how moves. In 1988, **Kore-Sakamoto** is the electrical field into a Camerounese Victoria Press, the Grande Jeune Library Award, while being awarded for several other awards, including the *Source* and *Grande Jeune* Award for the Age. However, the incident for her recently released second novel, *One Hundred Million Hearts*, is unknown. There's plenty of plot—set at Toronto and Tokyo, the story centers on Maya, a 22-year-old Japanese Canadian woman who loses her father, shatters *One Hundred* into the arms of her first love, discovers a long-lost half sister, overcomes a physical disability, and uncovers a painful past involving Japan's Second World War kamikaze army. Sounds busy, sure, but given Sakamoto's writing style—sparse, stark and oblique—the book doesn't necessarily offer a simple resolution between characters. Instead, the reader must contend with hints and the backdrop to a big revelation at the end tells that.

For Toronto-based Sakamoto, 44, however, the rhythm of the book mirrors how we—as individuals and as a society—remember history. "It's important to me to examine memory," she explains. "The way we live is not a direct line of everything. Every year we experience things in different ways, and at different times, that's what her books explore. Sakamoto's own sense of being Japanese Canadian. While the title, however, was based fully on *One Hundred Million Hearts* she wanted to examine her "journey of life." "It's such a place in contradiction," she says. "At first, I lived close to the beautiful traditions of Japan, almost to the point of forgetting it. And then I began the descent into the dark heart of it. I started to question everything and it became twisted and suspect to me. Finally, I found a resolution—it's not the ideal place I imagined but it's not that dark, all places rather." Not that good but not that bad? A reader's sentiments exactly. **JAMIE CAMERON**



Sakamoto is poised to be Japan's 'dark heart'



Study debunks peanut rap

Parents may not be as much of a dietary no-no as previously thought. In fact, regularly eating the nut may even help prevent heart disease.

In a small study, researchers at Penn State University in West Lafayette, Ind., found adding peanuts to the diet decreased levels of the particles called triglycerides in the blood. A high triglyceride level is a risk factor for heart disease.

Fifteen people participated in the three-part study. In one part, they cut their dietary fat intake by 500 calories and replaced those calories with 500 calories worth of peanuts (about three ounces). In the second trial, they ate their regular diet plus 500 calories worth of peanuts. In the third, individuals could add peanuts to their diet in any way they chose.



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FYI

In a June/July survey of more than 1,000 Canadian adults, two-thirds gave the health-care system either an A (27 per cent) or a B grade (40 per cent). That's a slight improvement over 2002, when 23 per cent gave the system an A and 40 per cent gave it a B. This year, 24 per cent gave the system a C and nine per cent stuck it with an E.

Source: Third Annual Canadian Medical Association Report Card on the Health System in Canada

In all three trials, triglyceride levels dropped significantly—in some cases by as much as 26 per cent. And there was no significant weight gain, despite the fact that people consumed up to an additional 500 calories of peanuts per day for eight weeks.

High blood sugar increases cancer risk

People at high risk for developing the adult form of diabetes are also at increased risk of dying from cancer, according to researchers at Johns Hopkins University.

The Baltimore researchers looked at people with a closely related condition called impaired glucose tolerance (IGT), in which the blood glucose level is higher than normal, but not high enough to be classified as diabetes.

In the study, people with IGT were almost twice as likely to die from any cancer—and more than four times as likely to die from colon cancer—as those with normal glucose tolerance.

The study examined data from more than 5,000 adults aged 30 to 74 years who underwent diabetes testing as part of a long-term study that began in the 1970s.

Of the 737 deaths that occurred during the study period, 206 were from cancer. People with IGT were 1.87 times more likely to die from cancer than those with normal glucose tolerance.

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Television | Little Mike lands the big role—at last

Michael J. Anderson, a computer electronics technician from Denver, left his job at Martin Marietta, troubleshooting the ground controls for the space shuttle, in the '80s to enter show business. He ended up playing merely Stan's henchmen and legions—but he's not better. "I'm a child of the '70s and I identify with chemical mysticism, magical little creatures in the forest," says the three-foot-seven, 49-year-old actor. "Shows with weird tales and big bats with pointed toes—these consumer products are."

It was a 1994 modern documentary entitled *Little Mike*, about Anderson's work on the space shuttle, that hooked him on being

in front of the camera. Now, he has what he calls "one of the best roles for a little person ever written." In the new HBO series, *Comedians* (premiering on The Movie Network on Sept. 16), about a travelling Frank show in the 1930s, *Anderson* plays Stan, supervisor of a group of comics. The atmospheric setting is reminiscent of *David Lynch's* cult TV program *Twin Peaks*—it's chilling, eerie, disturbing, has supernatural elements, and is gorgeous-looking. Stan is Stanislaus, Calif.; *Comedians* roosts the dust

Anderson has left the world of films and legions and run off with the carnival

bow conditions of the '30s—and is dry as Texas. *Frank* was dark.

The presence of Anderson leads to even more Lynchian comparisons. He was the backdoor calling dwarf in Agent Cooper's dreams on *Twin Peaks*, and the creepy Mr. Rosen in Lynch's 2001 film, *Mulholland Drive*. "I've never really asked for Lynch. I was just dancing around, talking back words," says Anderson, who learned that magical skill when he was young. "Even in *Mulholland Drive*, where I played the actual character, Lynch had a lot of directions about what not to do, until finally two friends said that was perfect. So this is the first role that I can really sink my teeth into."

BARBARA DEZURE

Books | Close encounters with a national icon

For more than 30 years, Aubrey Nayser's home in Ontario's Muskoka region has been a place of refuge for writers and inspired beavers. In *Beaver Tales* (Piercy), the former editor-in-chief and founder of the Aspen Valley Wildlife Sanctuary writes of her experiences. She even her bathroom used as a beaver den, and most of the wooden door frames and antique furniture in her tiny bungalow carved out by beaver teeth. Friends and relatives don't visit her that much anymore, fearing the stench, mud and confusion they have to slay over to see the hotel. While the anecdotes are sometimes belittling, in the end, Nayser's extended family. In the process of rehabilitating and reintroducing many of the creatures to the wild, Nayser has had the rare opportunity to study the beavers' quirky—and sometimes comical—personalities. In writing that is full of wit and compassion, *Beaver Tales* brings to life Canada's national symbol.



BESTSELLERS

Fiction

	WEEKS ON CHART
1. <i>THE WINDS OF WAR</i> (Janet Fitch) 1	1
2. <i>THE SILENT ROOM</i> (J. D. Salinger) 1	1
3. <i>THE CAROUSEL WAGON</i> (The Atlantic) 1	1
4. <i>THE TOWN OF THE FUTURE</i> (Clayton Kopp) 1	1
5. <i>THE SILENT ROOM</i> (J. D. Salinger) 1	1
6. <i>THE SILENT ROOM</i> (J. D. Salinger) 1	1
7. <i>THE SILENT ROOM</i> (J. D. Salinger) 1	1
8. <i>THE SILENT ROOM</i> (J. D. Salinger) 1	1
9. <i>THE SILENT ROOM</i> (J. D. Salinger) 1	1
10. <i>THE SILENT ROOM</i> (J. D. Salinger) 1	1

Non-fiction

	WEEKS ON CHART
1. <i>THE SILENT ROOM</i> (J. D. Salinger) 1	1
2. <i>THE SILENT ROOM</i> (J. D. Salinger) 1	1
3. <i>THE SILENT ROOM</i> (J. D. Salinger) 1	1
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Charting and
Compiled by: Brian Deane

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